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OCTOBER 12, 1973

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

James Burnham on:
The Canonization of Salvador Allende

SOLZHENITSYN'S STALIN

(Will Mao Tse-tung's Solzhenitsyn Please Step Forward)

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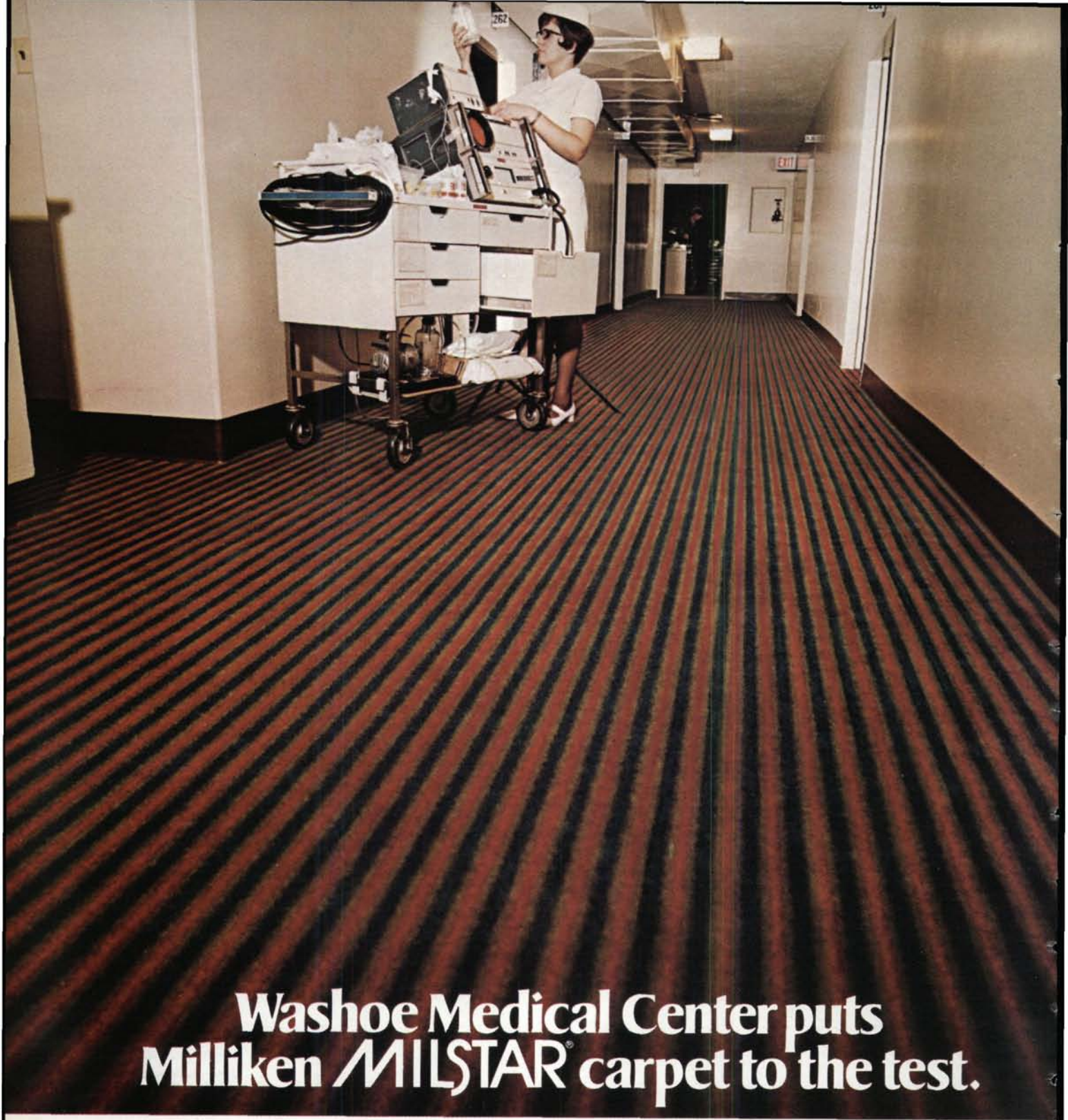

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How many families on your street are (unconsciously) breeding young radicals?

Johnny is a radical. A Maoist. And from the middle class. His liberal parents, with a modest home in the suburbs, loved Johnny, met his every need, sent him to the respected local schools where he got mostly A's and B's, even trotted him off, regularly, to Sunday school and church "because every child needs a little religion." Then, after years of scrimping, they sent him to a proper college.

But somewhere Johnny revolted – against family, school, church, country. It didn't happen overnight. But it happened. Why? How?

This important work is one of the first serious attempts to answer these questions by spotlighting the largely overlooked liberal middle class, spawning ground of the New Left. Few men bring better qualifications to this work than Dr. Richard L. Cutler, himself a former radical and over ten years professor of psychology at the universities of Michigan and California at Berkeley, and now a successful child psychologist and family man.

Before turning from radicalism, Dr. Cutler got to know many of the leading New Leftists, Timothy Leary and Tom Hayden among them. He was their friend, often their counselor. He studied their backgrounds, listened to their frustrations, learned their uncensored views on sex, the family, drugs, education, Marx, Mao, America. Dr. Cutler knows the radical mind from the inside. Now he lays it bare in this thoughtful book.

Dr. Cutler reviews the influences that helped sire these radicals: the glorification of sex, permissiveness in our courts and schools and homes, tolerance of drugs, the welfare mentality, doubleminded politicians–but he digs deeper, too. To the equation he adds Mom's and Dad's nights out and weekend vacations "to get away from the kids"; their easy acceptance of everything the *Times* and TV had to say; their failure ("We're just too busy") to check out Johnny's teachers and textbooks, to attend church with him (where they might have been shocked at the preacher's latest exhortation); the dozens of other "little" things that shape today's radical.

Shunning the conventional remedies that have already shown themselves threadbare, Dr. Cutler revives virtuous–and surprising–solutions that concerned parents, educators and all who work with young people will welcome as a fresh breeze. And none too soon.

Insights from a practicing psychologist... won't they help *your* family too?

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- Why young radicals are fascinated by Mao.
- The one trait in Americans that makes the Ralph Naders successful–and dangerous.
- Must revolution always be part of the American way of life?
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- Popular myths about parental love. The marks of genuine parental love.
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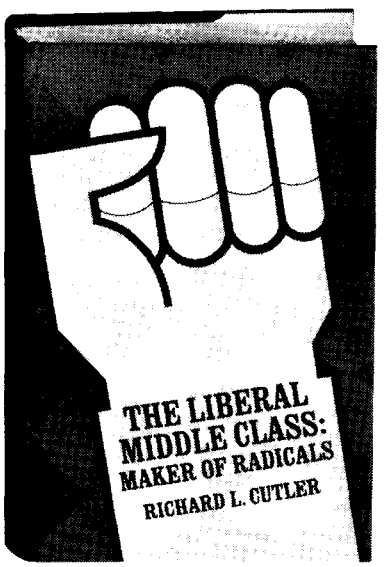
- True or false: A child ought not to be frustrated.
- What radicals know about psychology that college professors don't.



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53 of the free things you and your family can do during October and November.

Every day the price of something seems to go up just a little bit more. So you start cutting down on some of the "luxuries."

Like entertainment for your family.

But some of the most stimulating and rewarding entertainment doesn't cost you a penny.

Because television is still free...

in spite of the fact that certain people are pushing very hard for Pay TV–which would charge you for the kind of programs you now see free.

Here's just a sampling of some of the special things you and your family can look forward to during October and November. With no bill to pay at the end of the month.

Rookie of the Year. ABC Afterschool Special–A girl wins a place on an all-boy nine. Wednesday, Oct. 3 (4:30-5:30 pm).

NBC Religious Specials. No Lose; Youth and the Bible Today; Holy Land. Sundays, Oct. 7, 28 (12-12:30 pm); Nov. 18 (5-5:30 pm).

CBS Animated Children's Specials. Robinson Crusoe, Monday, Oct. 8 (4:30-5:30 pm); Kidnapped, Monday, Oct. 22 (4:30-5:30 pm); Swiss Family Robinson, Sunday, Oct. 28 (5-6 pm); Treasure Island, Tuesday, Nov. 6 (4:30-5:30 pm); The Prince and the Pauper, Sunday, Nov. 11 (5-6 pm); 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, Thursday, Nov. 22 (3:30-4:30 pm); The Three Musketeers, Friday, Nov. 23 (4:30-5:30 pm).

You're Not Elected, Charlie Brown; A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving, Monday, Oct. 15; Tuesday, Nov. 20 (8-8:30 pm).

Dr. Seuss: On the Loose. Monday, Oct. 15 (8:30-9 pm).

ABC News Close-Up. West Virginia: Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Coal. Thursday, Oct. 18 (9-10 pm). Second documentary TBA. Monday, Nov. 26 (8-9 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Tjorven, Batsman and Moses; The Giant Eel; Black Mountain; Countdown to Danger; Stowaway in the Sky–Part I. Saturdays, Oct. 20, Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24 (1-2 pm).

The Long Winter of Henry Aaron. In-depth profile of the baseball star. Sunday, Oct. 21 (10-11pm).

Incredible, Indelible, Magical, Physical, Mystery Trip. ABC Afterschool Special–Animated trip through the human body. Wednesday, Oct. 24 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Return of the Phoenix. Chinese musical fantasy. Saturday, Oct. 27 (1-2 pm).

Piano vs. Orchestra. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert–Michael Tilson Thomas conducts. Sunday, Oct. 28 (6-7 pm).

Peggy Fleming Visits the Soviet Union. Featuring top Soviet entertainers. Sunday, Oct. 28 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Sunshine. True story of young wife battling terminal illness. With Brenda Vaccaro, Cliff DeYoung. Friday, Nov. 9 (9-11:30 pm).

The Blue Knight. William Holden in stories from Joseph Wambaugh's police novel. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Nov. 13, 14, 15, 16 (10-11 pm).

Julie Andrews Thanksgiving Special. With guests Perry Como, Muppets. Friday, Nov. 16 (9-10 pm).

The Thanksgiving Treasure. Jason Robards, Mildred Natwick in play about old hatreds. Sunday, Nov. 18 (8-9:30 pm).

Ol' Blue Eyes is Back. Frank Sinatra returns from retirement. Sunday, Nov. 18 (8:30-9:30 pm).

B.C.–The First Thanksgiving. Tale of comic strip caveman. Monday, Nov. 19 (8-8:30 pm).

Dr. Dolittle. Film starring Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar. Wednesday, Nov.21 (8-11 pm).

Alice Through the Looking Glass. Lewis Carroll classic starring Agnes Moorehead, Ricardo Montalban, Nanette Fabray, Jimmy Durante, Smothers Brothers. Thursday, Nov. 22 (1:30-3 pm).

My Fair Lady. Academy Award film starring Rex Harrison, Audrey Hepburn, Stanley Holloway. Thursday, Nov. 22 (8-11:15 pm).

H.M.S. Pinafore. Gilbert and Sullivan by D'Oyly Carte. Friday, Nov. 23 (3-4:30 pm).

The World Turned Upside Down. The American Heritage–Washington vs. Cornwallis at Yorktown. Tuesday, Nov. 27 (8-9 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Oscar-winning animated special. Wednesday, Nov. 28 (8-8:30 pm).

Lisa, Bright and Dark. Hallmark Hall of Fame–Drama of young girl slipping into mental illness. Stars Anne Baxter. Wednesday, Nov. 28 (8:30-10 pm).

South to Fire and Ice. Undersea World of Cousteau. Thursday, Nov. 29 (8-9 pm).

Catholics. Brian Moore novel dramatized. Thursday, Nov. 29 (9-10:30 pm).

Santa Claus is Coming to Town. Animated Christmas show. Friday, Nov. 30 (8-9 pm).

Frankenstein: The True Story. Adaptation of Mary Shelley novel with James Mason, Leonard Whiting, Margaret Leighton, Sir Ralph Richardson. Friday, Nov. 30; Saturday, Dec. 1 (9-11 pm).

For Sports Fans:
World Series–First game, Oct. 13.
AFC Football–Sundays.
NFL Football–Sundays.
NBA Basketball–Saturdays.
NCAA College Football–Saturdays.
NFL Monday Night Football–Mondays.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency + 4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/ Camera Three/ Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/ Masterpiece Theatre.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV, No. 41 OCTOBER 12, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . *NR* celebrates the twentieth anniversary of Stalin's death by publishing the most engrossing portrait of Stalin ever written—by (who else) **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**. Although it is included in his great novel *The First Circle*, it might as well have appeared discretely. Or, another way of putting it, the novel can be conceived as an elaboration of the portrait. If you have hair, prepare, on reading these words, for it to rise. Stalin was more frightening than anything that ever appeared on the late late show, and, like the monsters of fiction, it isn't truly established that Stalin, in Russia, is dead.

There are, by the way, two translations of *The First Circle*, an American version (Harper & Row) and an English version (William Collins Sons & Co.). The latter, used here, is superior.

Gerhart Niemeyer, philosopher, who has written extensively for *NR* for almost 17 years, begins a column in the space held by the late Frank Meyer, whose column was published in these pages for, also, almost 17 years. Professor Niemeyer, who was recently ordained a deacon in the Anglican Church, is a professor of political science at Notre Dame; he has taught students at Princeton, Oglethorpe, Yale, Columbia, Vanderbilt, and Munich. He will appear regularly in *NR*. . . . **Anthony Harrigan**, the syndicated columnist, has been to Rhodesia and will tell you things concerning who got there firstest. . . . **David Brudnoy** still goes to the movies and enjoys it and even some of them; **Keith Mano**, meanwhile, goes to the legitimate theater—no, that's not quite right—illegitimate theater?—no, not right either—oh well, you read it. . . . **Anthony Lejeune**, our London correspondent, reviews Antonia Fraser's book on Oliver Cromwell (who, it seems, once contemplated coming to our shores) and reminds us that among scaffold perorators Charles the Martyr was a king. . . . **Robert K. Faulkner** tells what a fascinating and instructive book, given today's debate on might *v.* right, could be written about the politics of St. Thomas More, Machiavelli, and the French philosopher Seyssel, and how it was almost written by J. H. Hexter but not quite. . . . Can you imagine living in Israel if you thought God had created the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, and all its subsequent interpretations? **Edward Luttwak** will tell you how the Israelis manage. . . . **Morton A. Kaplan** reviews *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society*, by Daniel Bell, editor of the eminent *The Public Interest*. —DO

The Week	**1090**	
Articles	**1104**	Will the Real Mao Tse-tung Please Step Forward: Solzhenitsyn's Stalin
Departments	**1102**	Capitol Issues *by George F. Will*
	1103	The Protracted Conflict *by James Burnham*
	1084	Letters
	1086	For the Record
	1123	Days and Works *by Gerhart Niemeyer*
	1138	On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
	1140	Trans-O-Gram
Arts & Manners	**1125**	Keith Mano on *The Faggot* and gay-lib Anthony Harrigan visits Zimbabwe David Brudnoy on obsessions
Books	**1128**	Anthony Lejeune on Oliver Cromwell Robert K. Faulkner on the Reformation Edward Luttwak on "Theopolitics" Morton A. Kaplan reviews Daniel Bell's latest Ronald De Feo on Alec Waugh's *The Fatal Gift*

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Letters

The Court: How Much?

Mr. Kilpatrick does indeed write some of the finest prose around ["This Much, at Least: The Court," Sept. 28] but I must take issue with his conclusion—and title. True, the Court has engaged in less judicial activism, which we applaud; but judicial activism is, remember, method not substance. If the Court were to get out of bed one morning, have a fit of Judicial Activism, and abolish the TVA, many conservatives, praying for the judges' longevity, would counter the liberals' howls with the cry "whose ox now?"

As for the decisions Mr. Kilpatrick applauds, they reflect the polls and lend support to Mr. Dooley's dictum that the Supreme Court follows the election returns. The people were fed up with turnstile justice and thought the Warren Court wrong in extending the rights of criminal defendants as far as it did. Ditto civil rights (busing) and, to a lesser degree, voting qualifications. And what about abortion and aid to private schools? The evidence suggests that in these decisions also the Court simply followed what it understood to be the will of the majority and ruled against the conservative position. A sufficient number of Mr. Nixon's appointees voted with the majority in both cases to have changed the outcome had they voted otherwise.

No one can doubt that we would have fared worse with the Warren Court, losing the crime, civil-rights, and voter cases as well as the abortion and school-aid cases. But the question is how did Nixon's Court look after those interests of conservatives which were minority interests? And the answer is that it did not look after those interests very well. Isn't the indicator of a Court's ideology its resistance to popular trends?

Judges being unpredictable, Mr. Rockefeller—even Mr. Humphrey—might, albeit unwittingly, have given us as much, if Mr. Dooley was right. From a conservative President we had a right to expect more unless you take the position that judges are absolutely unpredictable, in which case Mr. Nixon, while he may not be faulted for the Court's bad decisions, may not be credited for its good ones. If Mr. Kilpatrick's title—and gravamen—had been "This Much, at Least: Some Decisions," he'd have been closer to the truth. Mr. Nixon should get no more than he deserves.

STANLEY HILLSBOROUGH
Washington, D.C.

Thank You, Mr. Davenport

It was a rare pleasure to read Guy Davenport's obituary of J. R. R. Tolkien [Sept. 28]. I note a sensitivity and appreciation for Tolkien's greatness in these few paragraphs that is frequently absent from the works of literary critics. I rejoice to learn that, indeed, others have read the same book which gives me such pleasure and thankfulness.

I have long admired the trilogy as a Christian parable. In fact, I have suggested that if one has trouble dealing with the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, one would do well to read Tolkien, and then Joshua, I Samuel, or Isaiah (perhaps Revelation, too!).

It is to be hoped that Mr. Davenport will give us more about this "best book" and about its kindly, gentle, yet powerful author.

Chazy, N.Y. REV. JAMES W. CAMPBELL

CIA: Sí o No?

So I'm naive too. What I understood Miles Copeland to say ["The Unmentionable Uses of a CIA," Sept. 14] is this: 1) Nixon was sure there were foreign-enemy elements involved in our peace movement and campus disorders. The primarily liberal-establishment CIA reacted predictably with the "some people see Communists under every bed" reflex. 2) Having found to their surprise that there *were* foreign-enemy elements involved, they ceased to report to Nixon. This forced Nixon into the plumbers bit. 3) The CIA then blew the plumbers.

Who's running this government?

Meredith, N.H. HELEN FOWLER

My husband and I thoroughly enjoyed the article by Miles Copeland. It was clear and had humor and best of all it solved a mystery for us that has been troubling us all through the Watergate affair. Why were the entering of the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist and the break-in at Watergate so clumsily done? Nothing

(Continues on page 1088)

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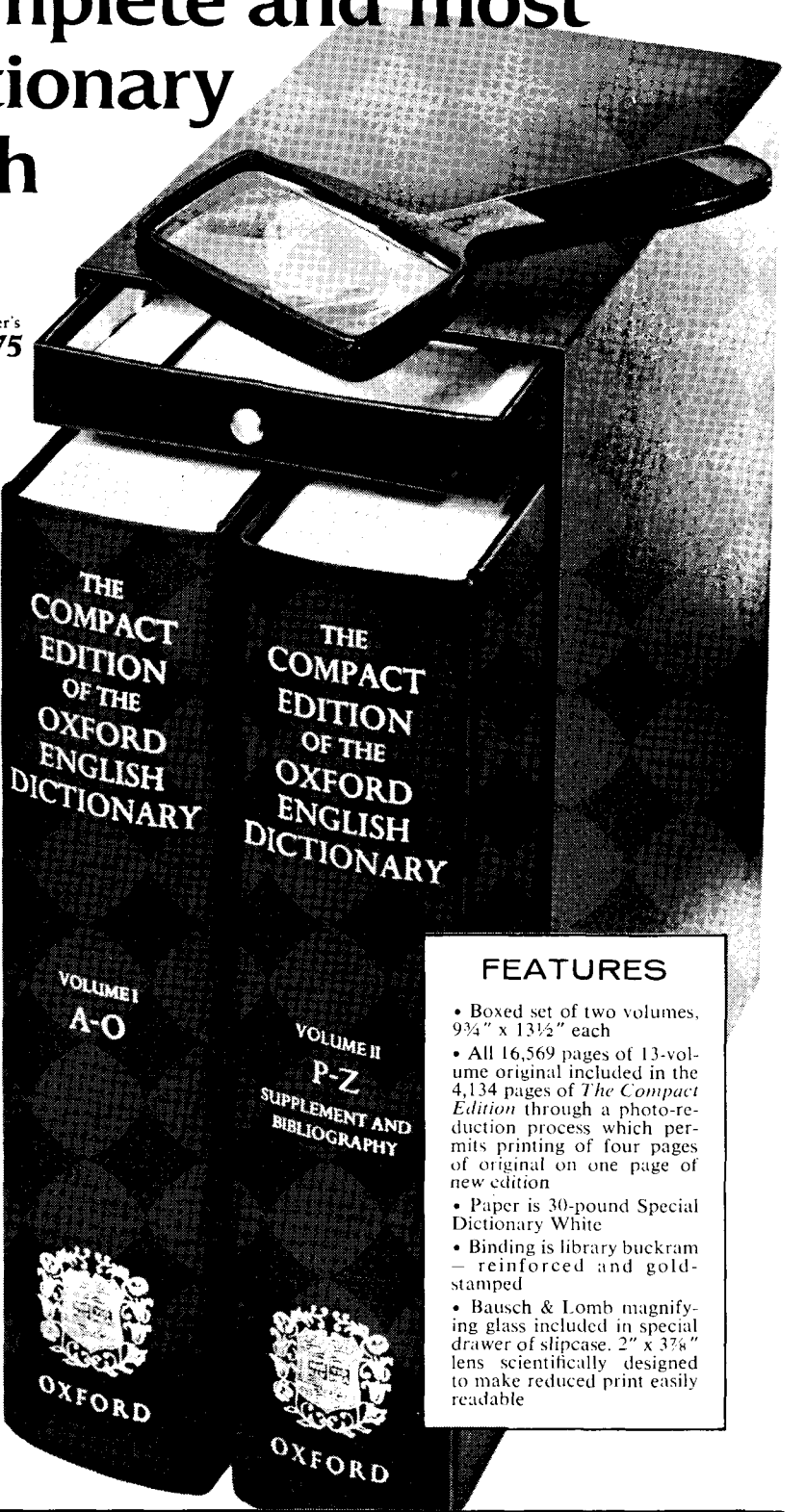
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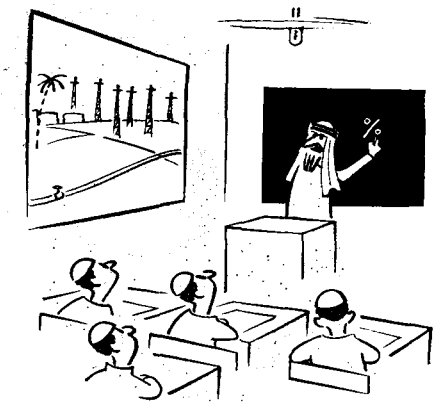
FOR THE RECORD

■ Preliminary investigation by **Gale McGee**'s Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee has found no evidence of any U.S. involvement in anti-**Allende** coup, reports Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield**. . . . Not so, says Mrs. **Hortensia Allende**, who accuses the U.S. of flooding Chile with forged bank notes, to help Chile's roaring inflation along, in an interview in the German illustrated magazine *Stern*. Mrs. Allende also charges "the CIA, the ITT, the American copper companies [never gave Allende] a day's peace to govern the country." . . . A documentary film on a visit Allende made to Cuba in November 1971, which was released over a year ago, has the following exchange. Allende: "Only if my body is riddled with bullets will I leave the presidency before my term ends," to which **Castro** commented: "A stupendous attitude." . . . Among the leftists captured by the military in the first week after the coup was **Comandante Pepe**, the self-styled Robin Hood, whose brigandage was described by Nena Ossa in *NR* (March 23, 1971).

■ Washington insiders now sure that **Richard Nixon**'s Year of Europe won't include a Nixon tour of Europe. For one thing the kind of "substantive" agreements Nixon planned to come back with aren't yet in the making, and for another, Nixon probably wants to stick around as long as Congress remains in session. . . . Nixon's veto batting record, incidentally, might give **Hank Aaron** pause: He's seven for seven, having won five votes to sustain in the House, two in the Senate. . . . In the Senate, only two Republicans voted against **Henry Kissinger**'s nomination to State: **Jesse Helms** (N.C.), who hasn't approved of Kissinger's policies of detente toward China and Russia, and **Lowell Weicker**, presumably on general principles. . . . Gentle reminders: While **Brezhnev** and Nixon were talking detente in Washington, Red China exploded its largest nuclear bomb to date; while **Georges Pompidou** was visiting **Mao Tse-tung** in Peking, the Soviet Union exploded its largest underground bomb ever.



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"Today we'll tackle percentages."

■ What are they up to now? **Eldridge Cleaver**, still seeking political asylum in France, says he is now "nonpolitical," just another writer. . . . Father **James Groppi** is driving a taxicab in St. Louis to help pay his law school tuition. . . . **Kurt Vonnegut**, **Robert Silvers** (*NY Review of Books*), and others have appealed to a New York judge to deal leniently with **Abbie Hoffman**, Chicago 7 defendant, former Yippie leader, who is being held on a charge of drug pushing (three pounds of cocaine). . . . And **Philip Berrigan** announces he's about to become a father and Sister **Liz McAlister** a mother.

■ On the right: **Victor Gold**, former press secretary to **Spiro Agnew** and **Barry Goldwater** (summer-fall 1964) is becoming a syndicated columnist (Publishers Hall Syndicate), the third conservative to go that route in recent months. The others: **John Lofton**, of *Monday* fame, and *NR* Publisher **William A. Rusher**. What kind of a column is Gold going to write? "I hope to write a column with bite and wit," he says. "That is, I plan to become a smart-ass." . . . The **American Conservative Union** has appointed Congressman **John Ashbrook** to fill Rusher's place as chairman of its Conservative Victory Fund and **Tom Van Sickle**, Kansas State Treasurer, to replace Rusher as chairman of ACU's Political Action Committee. . . . In New York, the Conservative Party will celebrate its 11th Anniversary on Monday, Oct. 15 (Waldorf-Astoria, NYC. Speakers, Sen. **James L. Buckley**, **William F. Buckley Jr.** For information, tickets, contact Conservative Party, 468 Park Avenue South, NYC 10016, Tel. 689-8400).

■ New Yorkers amused to read that **Jock Whitney** and **Walter Thayer** of the old *Herald Tribune* tossed the party to introduce Democrat-turned-Republican **John Connally** to what the *Times* called "Eastern liberal Establishment fat-cats" a couple of weeks ago. Earlier Whitney-Thayer protegés are Republicans-turned-Democrats **John Lindsay** and **Ogden Reid**, the Westchester congressman. . . . Other political tantalizers. Conservative **Joseph Alioto** reportedly making overtures to **McGovern** political adviser **Frank Mankiewicz** in an effort to win Democratic gubernatorial race in California next year. Last year Alioto pretty much headed the Democrats against McGovern movement on the Coast. . . . **Eugene McCarthy** confirms that he is thinking of running for office in Minnesota next year, but for the House because, he says, the House now "needs strength more than the Senate."

■ In Africa they're guessing that **Senegal** has broken diplomatic relations with **Guinea** on account of Senegal's endorsement of an **Ivory Coast** proposal that a committee of psychiatrists be sent to consult with "the fanatic of Conakry [**Sékou Touré**]."

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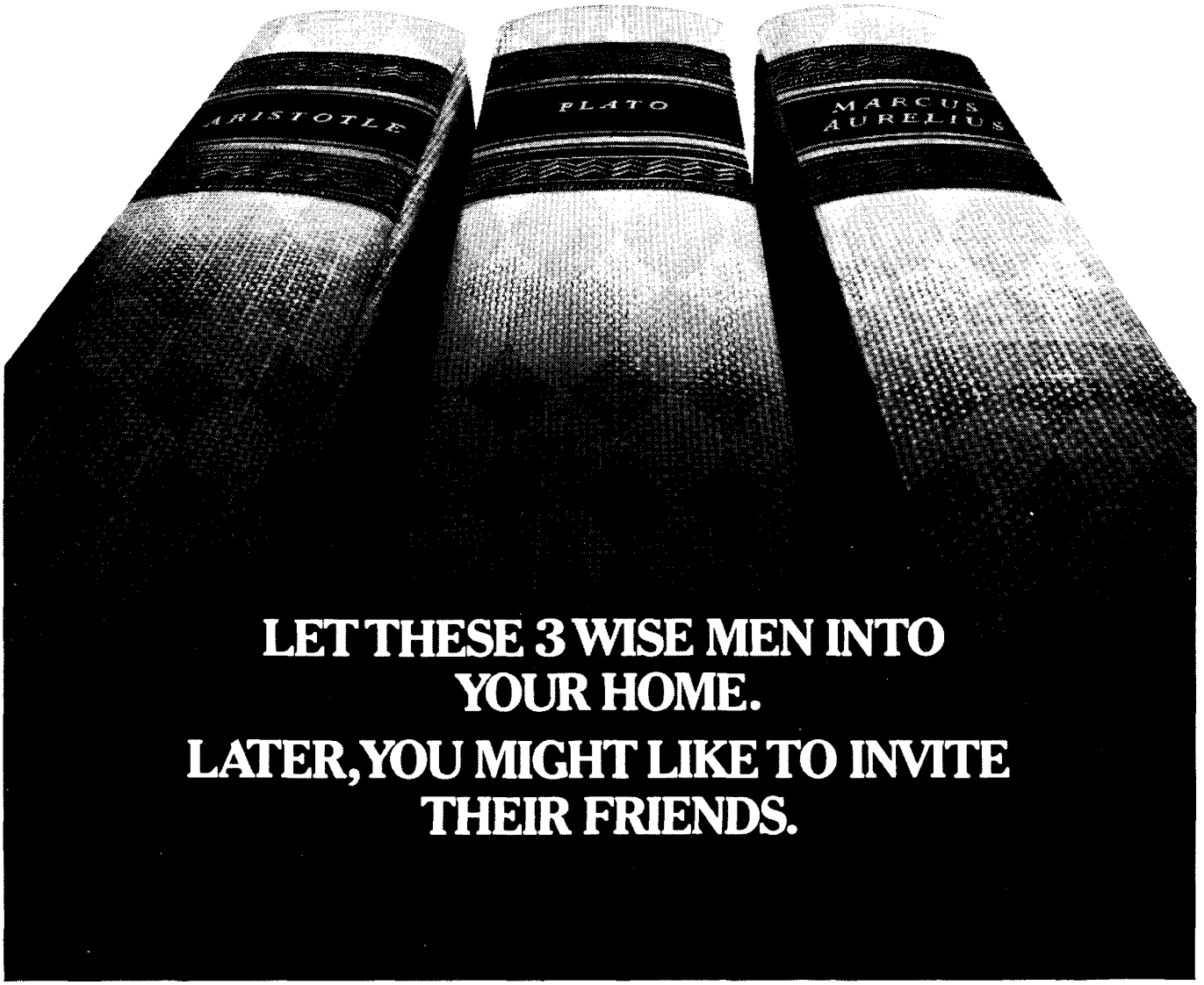

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1084)

we have ever read before has mentioned this crudeness. It seemed to us that there should be *some* speculation about it.

Valier, Mont. CONSTANCE LOHSE

Guernica Again

I wonder if Mr. Williamson Murray ["Getting at the Guernica Myth," Aug. 31] ever read J. Edgar Hoover's masterpiece *Masters of Deceit.*

The Communists are, have been, and always will be notorious for their deception and lies. The record of perfidy by the Communists speaks out loud and clear and unfortunately there are all too many gullible souls who fall for their line.

Santa Monica, Calif. N. G. NYERGES

I dissent unwillingly from the conclusions on the Guernica bombings reached by Brian Crozier, my former colleague on the *Straits Times* (Singapore). I visited Guernica as a rather privileged foreign correspondent with General Franco's forces soon after its destruction, while the war was still in progress and not by any means decided. My Spanish is reasonably clear and this was my fourth visit to Spain since 1924.

In a painful attempt at impartiality and objectivity, to which by the way Wing Commander James has not laid claim (he was an ardent Franco man), may I say that though I saw several desecrated churches in towns recently abandoned by the Republicans and was fed on many silly tales of promises to hand the Canary Islands to Germany as a price of her support that were retailed in left-wing circles in Britain, I saw no evidence whatever of scorched-earth tactics anywhere by the retreating Republicans, by no means all of whom were Reds, albeit so styled by their enemies.

I cannot claim, and said as much both in my writings in the *Sunday Express* and my BBC talk at the time (produced strange to say by Guy Burgess), to distinguish between the effects of bombing and of arson. What I do wish to stress is that nowhere in Spain did I see destruction to compare with that at Guernica. At Huesca, for instance, after a long siege the trees were still in leaf. Only at Guernica was there destruction comparable with what I had seen in the First World War and was soon to see again in the Second. I am convinced that neither the Nationalists nor the Republicans possessed sufficient means to inflict such extensive damage.

I also find it quite incredible that the inhabitants should have allowed retreating Republicans of any complexion to fire their homes and burn their town.

Finally there is evidence from my own conducting officer, who after a long and excellent dinner (in vino veritas?) told me, "The bombing of Guernica was the worst thing we did but you must not judge us by Guernica."

In 1951 I returned to Spain to visit former friends, all perforce Nationalists since it was on their side I had covered the Civil War. "Horrible things were done by the Reds," one assured me.

"Were you," I asked, "so innocent? For instance, Guernica."

"The bombing of Guernica and the murder of García Lorca, our great poet," he answered. "But that was all."

Perhaps Mr. Crozier would argue that García Lorca was not murdered.

London GEORGE EDINGER

No Joke

When is a joke not a joke? On page 770 [July 20] you printed a Gauerke cartoon that depicted tobacco-company officials pondering an FDA demand "that we prove our claim that 'cigarette smoking is harmful to your health.' " I found that cartoon quite funny because of the inherent absurdity of such a situation coupled with the fact that it was not to be taken seriously.

On July 13, the *New York Post* described an agreement reached between the State of California and General Motors, under which GM must post the following message near each car's suggested retail-price sticker: "Notice to Buyer: The manufacturer's suggested retail price is not necessarily indicative of the price at which dealers in this area have been selling this automobile." The *Post* mentioned parenthetically that GM accepted the agreement "without admitting a violation of law." It also mentioned that the posting of a suggested retail price *was required by federal law.*

New York, N.Y. JOHN P. CRAIN

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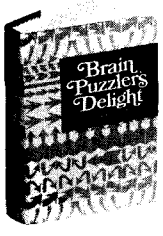

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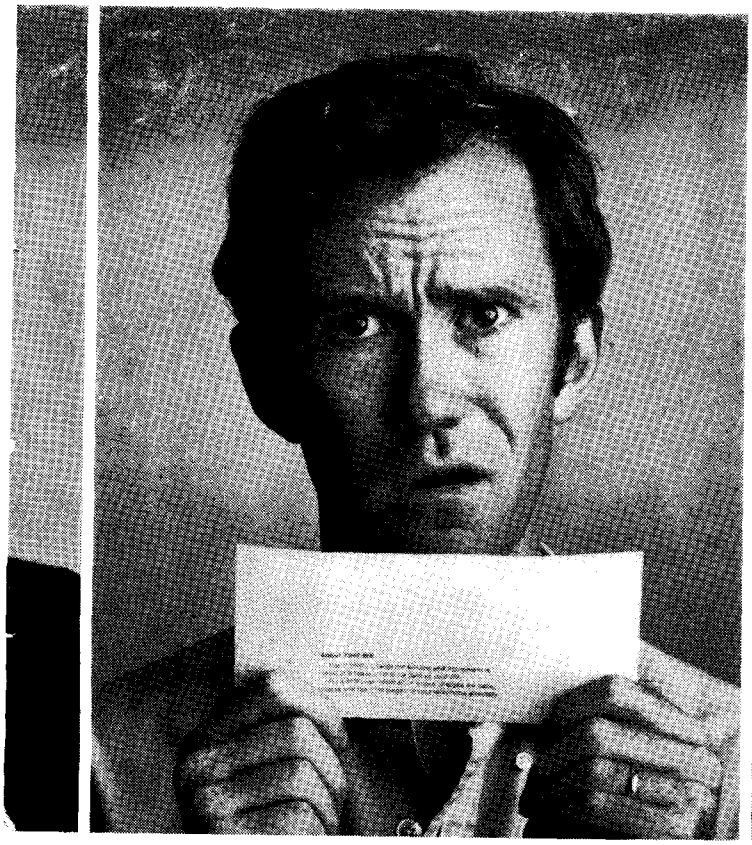

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THE WEEK

■ One scenario: Nixon resigns. Spiro Agnew is duly sworn in as Pres. He names Nixon as his Vice President. Agnew is then impeached. Nixon succeeds to the Presidency. This allows him not only to make a fresh start but, since a period as Vice President has intervened, to elude the constitutional prohibition against running for a third term. Nixon runs in 1976 and carries all fifty states. He runs again in 1980 and wins. By 1984, the statute of limitations has run out on all crimes committed in 1972. Nixon retires majestically to San Clemente, the mortgage for which turns out to have been underwritten by Chou En-lai.

■ Even the political journalists found themselves including the sort of details without which no write-up of a debut would be complete: "Attired in a dark pin-striped suit with a white shirt and a blue polka-dot tie, Mr. Kissinger stepped to the podium and, with his hands clasped behind his back in an unusual pose for a speaker before the Assembly, read his statement." Nor were the guests gathered at the global cotillion to meet the season's leading debutant neglected: "The Assembly was vibrant with excitement in a way it has rarely been in recent years. His remarks were received enthusiastically." And those remarks were, in truth, perfectly chosen for the place and the ceremonial occasion, a visible proof that the tact of the new Secretary is worthy of his skills: formed into philosophically unassailable generalities that could not rouse irritation or deepen division with the audience, and might, even, revive here and there a worn ideal or stir a twinge of hope.

■ August inflation figures should dispel any doubts about the effectiveness of the tough new price controls: Wholesale prices rose at a 69.6 per cent annual rate, bringing the six-month average up to 27.5 per cent; consumer prices rose at a 22.8 per cent clip, for a six-month average of over 10 per cent. Among the defectors from the ranks of those who were most insistent about the need for controls two years ago are a) George Meany of the AFL-CIO, who now thinks the President should "stop tinkering with economic controls" and should fire all economic advisers except George Shultz, and b) Burt Raynes of the National Association of Manufacturers, who has recently discovered that "wage and price controls have failed to check inflation, have caused shortages of consumer goods and services, and should be completely terminated."

■ The latest Gallup poll suggests that Mr. Nixon's counteroffensive has not yet brought results. Fifty-five per cent of the people now disapprove of the way Mr. Nixon is handling his job, whereas only 32 per cent did in January (following the Vietnam settlement), and 52 per cent a fortnight before the latest poll. Seventy-two per cent of the people think he knew either about Watergate or about the cover-up. Cheer up, said a voice, things could get worse . . .

■ The *New York Times* and Walter Mondale are very busy these days starting a Mondale boomlet. We now go to a Senate subcommittee hearing with only one senator and very few members of the press in attendance. The *New York Times*, however, was there and the next day we learned that "Senator Walter F. Mondale, Democrat of Minnesota, had detected beyond the hearing room a widespread uneasiness in America that prompted him to turn his Labor and Public Welfare subcommittee into a forum on joblessness, broken families, drug abuse among the young, the segregation of the elderly, spiraling inflation, crippling medical costs, and the deterioration of the cities." If you can think of a problem not covered by Mr. Mondale (crab grass? or rainy weekends?) write the Senator—or the *Times*. It will be delighted to forward.

■ Relatively well-off workers are becoming increasingly concerned with such noneconomic issues as voluntary overtime, working conditions, health, and safety. A case in point is the issue of "doubling up" at GM's Vega plant at Lordstown, Ohio. The Lordstown workers often alternate working at high pace for half an hour and being relieved for half an hour. This relay system, which is against the rules, supposedly reduces absenteeism and improves product quality by reducing boredom. Management, on the other hand, views such matters as an infringement of its authority. But where work is particularly distasteful, businessmen can end up paying more in wages to attract and keep help than would be necessary if they got to the root of the problem. A society as affluent as ours can afford to pay more attention to the quality of work and of life, and unions have an important role in accelerating the process.

■ In Sweden, it's a tie: Premier Olof Palme's Socialist alliance now has 175 seats; so has the three-party non-Socialist coalition. So when Parliament reconvenes next year, if there's a tie vote on a major issue, it will be decided by drawing a "yes" or a "no" from an urn. Voters frequently feel they are governed by chance; in Sweden they'll be right.

■ "By Joseph North, *Daily World* Correspondent. Moscow, Sept. 17—At the Ordzhonikidze machine tool factory today in the city outskirts a scene is taking place which at the moment is being duplicated in most of the nation's thousands of factories. The workers are expressing their wrath over the bloody military takeover in Chile. The scene is also duplicated in virtually every village and university of the USSR.

"The Ordzhonikidze works sprawl over a mile amid the woods in the city suburbs. At noon last Friday, 4,500 gathered under the roof of steel girders, amid the lathes.

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What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars...which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

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"The meeting is opened by Mikhail Groncharov, Communist Party secretary of the plant, a tall, blond, middle-aged man. He then hands the mike to a young man of thirty, Vladimir Komarov, Hero of Labor. 'The bourgeois press informed the world,' says Komarov, 'that Allende has committed suicide. We refuse to believe that. We know that men like him, a great fighter, defender of Chilean rights, cannot do that.'

"A Komsomol speaks next, Viktor Oserov, 25. 'We young people,' he says, 'watched Chile with great admiration. Allende was a real son of his heroic people. Now he is dead, killed by imperialism that wants the land to submit again to subjection. On behalf of the youth of the factory, we express eternal solidarity with the Chilean people.'

"Lydia Noidenova, speaking for the engineers department, presents a resolution to be sent to the United Nations. The resolution is unanimously adopted by a show of hands. The workers return to their places. The roar of the machines begins again. It will be heard in Santiago de Chile."

Where in Santiago?

■ Lawyer Charles Garry (Panthers), editors Irwin Silber and Gloria Steinem (*Guardian*, *Ms.*) have joined Simone de Beauvoir, Jean-Paul Sartre, Constantine Costa-Grivas, and Yves Montand's new committee. The Committee against the Repression of Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov? Are you kidding? Messieurs et Mesdames Sartre, Costa-Grivas, Montand, Garry, Silber, Steinem, and de Beauvoir have worked too long and too hard to earn their spurs as Concerned Citizens to toss them lightly away. What they are protesting is President Georges Pompidou's decision to ban the Communist League in France following League-instigated riots in Paris in June.

■ Would you let a Chinese stranger stick two needles into the base of your skull? And another at the right deltoid, and another at the base of the right thumb? And wiggle all four of them? That's what Robert de Pasquale, a violinist with the Philadelphia Orchestra, did while the orchestra was in Peking. He and a number of his colleagues submitted to and praised the acupuncture treatment. From these and other well publicized testimonials we of course are supposed, by extrapolation, to assume the Red Chinese have achieved other great successes. One of the doctors traveling with the group commented, "I assume that the needles were sterile." Back in Philadelphia attorneys were looking up the international law on malpractice.

■ Now that the Sixties have blown over, UCRA (University Centers for Rational Alternatives) has held a conference on "The Philosophy of the Curriculum," at which eminent scholars affirmed that liberal education, rather than career training and "relevance," should be the principal business of the university. The consensus was that there are some things that all educated people should know. Gertrude Himmelfarb attacked the "nihilistic" notions that values are subjective and that all ideas are equal. Nathan Glazer acknowledged the difficulty of justifying the inclusion of social sciences, whose "foundations are insecure," in general education (and when has any specialist been so charmingly diffident about the dignity of his own specialty?). And Sidney Hook, UCRA's founder, asked, "Is it expecting too much of effective general education [to ask] that it develop within students a permanent defense against gullibility? It is astonishing to discover how superstitious students are, how vulnerable to demagogic appeal, to empty show and eloquence."

■ THE SELLING OF HEW: RETAKE: In its August 31 issue *NR* commented on the size of the pr operation over at HEW and criticized the lack of interest in the size of that operation on the part of CBS, which was so critical of the Pentagon's pr efforts. It transpires that on July 19 HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger issued a memorandum directing the curtailment of some of HEW's pr activities and, as a result, a number of jobs and publications have been eliminated, for a savings of millions of dollars. Now back to CBS.

■ General consumer prices rose at an annual rate of 22.8 per cent last month, and food prices shot up at a rate of 92.4 per cent. Postal rates are going up in all classes. The Cost of Living Council has ruled that stores may not stop giving trading stamps to meet the inflationary crisis. The Federal Trade Commission is working on new rules to discourage trade in shampoos, "easy to assemble" toy kits, and dog food (a field it claims is dominated by monopolists). Yet one more federal bureau, the Consumer Products Commission, has been created to nationalize ulcers. The Council on Environmental Quality estimates that pollution abatement will cost us $274 billion in the next decade. The UN General Assembly has begun its 28th Session. But the hearings are back, the hearings are back. And just in time.

■ Gasoline dealers from most of the fifty states are meeting to discuss the possibility of shutting down service stations nationwide to protest gasoline price controls. The move is intended to force the Cost of Living Council to allow gas prices to rise (or even fall) with the market. But a service-station shutdown would put no direct pressure on the CLC; it would only succeed in inconveniencing the long-suffering consumer. Bob Cope, an Indianapolis service-station operator, has a better idea. He proposes that every filling station within a sixty-mile radius of Washington, D.C. shut down for the duration, with dealers elsewhere contributing a dollar or two a week to support them. "That ought to get the message across to the bureaucrats," he says. Yes indeed.

■ *Newsweek*, in an article, "The Lesbian as Mother," claims that "To most people, the very idea of a lesbian mother seems unnatural." The Massachusetts Red Cross, however, is clearly not "most people": It has set up a program to aid children of gay parents who have donated blood.

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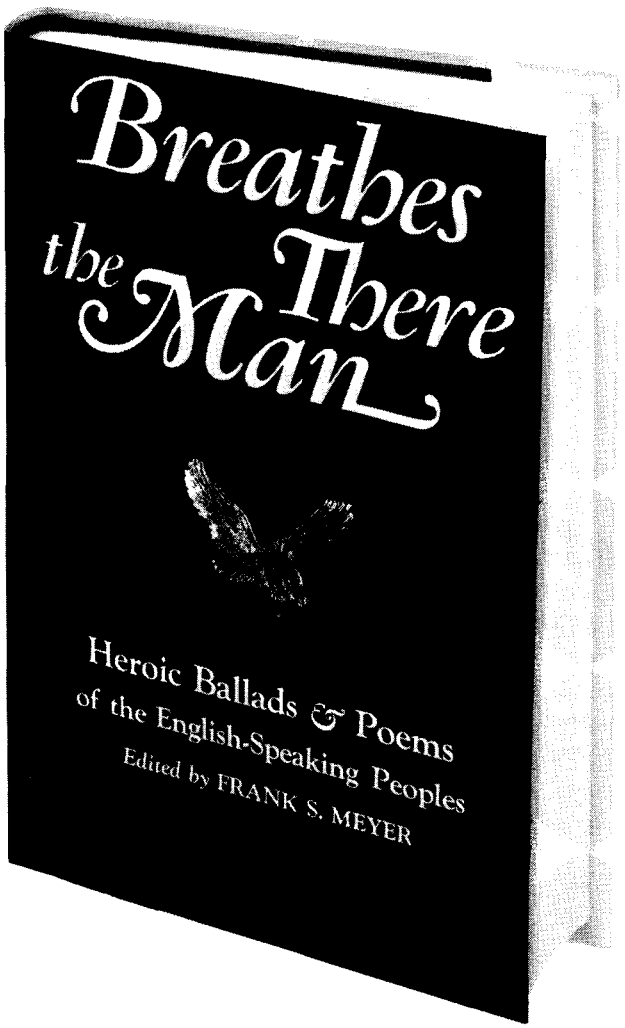

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GUEST EDITORIAL

The End of Allende

President Allende did not become a martyr, even if it is true that he took his own life on Tuesday. The bombing and storming of his presidential palace and the seizure of power by the commanders of Chile's armed forces put a bitter end to the first freely elected Marxist government in the West. And the fighting may have barely begun. With most of Chile's links with the outside world still severed, it was difficult to take the full measure of the apparently continuing violence. But if a bloody civil war does ensue, or if the generals who have now seized power decide not to hold new elections, there must be no confusion about where the responsibility for Chile's tragedy lies. It lies with Dr. Allende and those in the Marxist parties who pursued a strategy for the seizure of total power to the point at which the opposition despaired of being able to restrain them by constitutional means.

What happened in Santiago is not an everyday Latin American coup. The armed forces had tolerated Dr. Allende for nearly three years. In that time, he managed to plunge the country into the worst social and economic crisis in its modern history. The confiscation of private farms and factories caused an alarming slump in production, and the losses in state-run industries were officially admitted to have exceeded $1 billion last year. Inflation rose to 350 per cent over the past twelve months. Small businessmen were bankrupted; civil servants and skilled workers saw their salaries whittled away by inflation; housewives had to queue endlessly for basic foods, when they were available at all. The mounting desperation caused the major strike movement that the truck drivers started six weeks ago.

But the Allende government did more than wreck the economy. It violated both the letter and the spirit of the constitution. The way it rode roughshod over congress and the courts eroded faith in the country's democratic institutions. A resolution passed by the opposition majority in congress last month declared that "the government is not merely responsible for isolated violations of the law and the constitution; it has made them into a permanent system of conduct." The feeling that parliament had been made irrelevant was increased by violence in the streets (almost on a Belfast scale) and by the way the government tolerated the growth of armed groups on the far left that were openly preparing for civil war.

The armed forces moved only when it had long been clear that there was a popular mandate for military intervention. They had to move in the end because all constitutional means had failed to restrain a government that was behaving unconstitutionally. The trigger for the coup was provided by the efforts of left-wing extremists to promote subversion within the armed forces. Two leaders of Dr. Allende's Popular Unity coalition, Sr. Carlos Altamirano, the former Socialist party secretary general, and Sr. Oscar Garretón of the Movement of United Popular Action, were named by the navy as the "intellectual authors" of plans for mutiny among the sailors at Valparaiso. The Valparaiso naval commanders were the first to move this week.

But the rapid success of the coup and the participation in it of all the armed services suggest that the plans for it had been carefully laid. It remains to be seen whether the armed forces are now solid in their opposition to the ousted government. The disappearance of two commanders, Admiral Raul Montero and General Sepulveda, the carabineros' chief, who were replaced by their anti-Marxist subordinates on the day of the coup, shows that not all senior officers were in favor of it. The real danger of bloodshed will come if the armed forces split, or if there are serious mutinies among the lower ranks. That could produce a messy civil war. Strong resistance can be expected from the workers' committees and paramilitary brigades that the Socialist party and the Movement of the Revolutionary Left are running in Santiago and from guerrilla groups in the south. But if they fail to get significant military backing, they can probably be contained.

Whatever government emerges from the coup cannot expect an easy time. There will also be a temptation now for those who have suffered from the Allende government to settle their accounts with the defeated side. Few people believe that Chile can now return to its old ways of doing things. The work of reconstruction will involve considerable sacrifice, just as it did in Brazil when Senhor Roberto Campos was responsible for economic planning in the years after the 1964 coup. This does not mean that Chile will become another Brazil; for one thing, it is probably a less violent place even now, and for another, its generals have a rather different conception of their role from the soldiers behind Senhor Campos. They accept that it is too late to reverse many of the changes brought about by Dr. Allende; in trying to rebuild the private sector, for instance, they will lay more stress on coaxing back foreign investors and on creating new industries than on handing back what was taken away.

This coup was home-grown, and attempts to make out that the Americans were involved are absurd to those who know how wary they have been in their recent dealings with Chile. The military technocratic government that is apparently emerging will try to knit together the social fabric that the Allende government tore apart. It will mean the temporary death of democracy in Chile, and that is to be deplored. But it must not be forgotten who made it inevitable. —From *The Economist*

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■ More Occasional Notes. You may have been wondering what publications the U.S. Government has selected for sale this month in its publication, "Selected U.S. Government Publications." For one, there is "78 S *Horse Bots*, How to Control Them. Rev. 1973. 7 pp. il. A 1.35:450/4 S/N 0100-02787." And there is "59 S *Supplement to Digest and Index of Published Decisions of the Assistant Secretary of Labor for Labor-Management Relations Pursuant to Executive Order 11491, as amended July 1, 1972 through December 31, 1972.* 1973. 189 pp. L 1.51/3:972 supp. S/N 2900-00177." But the one we want is "82 S *Rats, Let's Get Rid of Them.* . . . Most people probably prefer to avoid a long-term relationship with a rat. . . . Rev. 1968. 8 pp. il. 1 49.4:22/2. S/N 2410-00022." And only 10¢.

Challenge Refused

It was the most refreshing political event of the year, we thought, when Spiro Agnew replied to the charges leaked against him two months ago by holding a televised general press conference, denouncing those charges as "false and scurrilous and malicious," and answering directly and unambiguously every question the journalists put to him. "I have nothing to hide," he said to our applause, and he then concluded: "I think the Vice President of the United States should stand on his own two feet."

We believed then and believe now that such an open, direct, and unequivocal confrontation of all charges and all rumors of charges against him, and an insistence on the speedy and convincing public determination of their truth or falsity, is the only course that can salvage and —on the assumption that he is indeed innocent—triumphantly advance his career.

Like all other of Agnew's friends and admirers, we have been alarmed, puzzled, and dismayed by the daily stream of new and graver charges, and, like everyone else, we have got pretty well lost in the maze of legal moves and arguments. Now, by his letter to the House of Representatives, the Vice President has again managed to break through into the open. Under a constitutional government the rulers also are subject to the law they administer. But the impeachment clause in our Constitution is by its mere presence a recognition that the judgment concerning the acts of the nation's highest officers is not and cannot be in all cases rendered in a manner identical to the routine method. There are constitutional difficulties involved in the question of whether a President or Vice President is properly subject to judicial action without having been convicted in an impeachment proceeding as defined in the Constitution; and there are plenty of difficulties and confusions in the impeachment process also, as is evidenced by its infrequent employment in our history. But it seemed to us proper and fitting, very much in accord with our political structure, and likeliest to lead to a public consensus on the validity of the outcome, that the Agnew charges should be submitted, as he tried to do, to investigation and review by the House in what would be the first phase in an impeachment process, the continuation of which would be dependent on the investigation's findings. In this way, the nation itself, through its elected representatives in the Congress—the Grand Inquisition, as the Fathers named it in relation to the investigation and impeachment functions—would become the judge of the fitness of its deputy ruler.

The Vice President's initiative was also a formidable challenge to the Congress. Congress, or at any rate many members of Congress, have been having a wonderful time these past months probing and scolding and needling the executive branch without taking any correlated burden of responsibility; and over the past several years, in conjunction with Vietnam and appropriations as well as Watergate, have expended a lot of rhetoric on the issues of the balance and separation and usurpation of governmental powers. Now, with this Agnew move, Congress was face to face with the issue. It had the opportunity to show whether it had what it takes to be a co-equal branch of the government of a great nation. There are no adequate precedents. Congress as well as Agnew, and indirectly the President also, would have been on trial. But after a single night's thought, Representative Carl Albert, speaking for the Democratic majority, refused the challenge. It was a gross and a cowardly reaction, and not one that will necessarily hold.

Some of Agnew's critics saw this attempted shift of venue as simply a diversionary delaying move designed only to ward off indictment and trial by the ordinary judicial process. On this interpretation they predict that Agnew's lawyers, on his behalf, will use every legal and alleged constitutional device for years on end to keep their client out of jail. It is even suggested that Agnew's lawyers are trying to protect him by erecting a closed dilemma and will contend: a) The Vice President is not subject to the ordinary judicial process unless first impeached, and convicted by the Senate; b) he cannot be impeached for acts committed prior to his tenure in office; c) therefore, Agnew can't be touched for the next three years. We are not ready to believe this true, and Agnew's order to his lawyers "to deliver forthwith to the clerk of the House all of my original records" was presumptive indication of his good faith. If Agnew is guilty of the criminal conduct with which he has—so far, anonymously—been charged, the only honorable course for him to take is immediate resignation from his office, thereafter to face the juries and courts like any other citizen. And in that event, he would be justified, like any other citizen, to have his lawyers take advantage, for his sake, of every twist and turn and all the delaying actions possible in our over-intricate legal system. And what he did would on that hypothesis be of no public concern.

Using his high office as a protective base for legalistic

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maneuvers and delays, if he is guilty, would be contemptible. And if he is seen to be resorting to such lengthening spirals of delay, the conclusion that most of us will come to will inevitably be to suppose him guilty in fact, however much we might formally grant him his legal presumption of innocence. We ardently hope that we will not have to face drawing that sorry conclusion.

The Nixon Tapes

There are two cases in court involving the tape recordings of conversations on Watergate between the President and his aides. One was brought by special prosecutor Cox, the other by the Ervin committee, both initially before Judge Sirica. In the Cox case, Judge Sirica ruled that the President should turn over the tapes to him; he would excise any national security matters and then pass the tapes on to Cox. The ruling satisfied neither the President nor Cox, both of whom sued Sirica to change his ruling, which cases were heard by the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. The Court of Appeals suggested that the parties' lawyers listen to the tapes and agree on what Cox should hear, but not surprisingly Cox and Professor Wright, the President's lawyer, have not been able to reach a compromise. Now the Court of Appeals must make its own decision on what is to be done, and that decision is certain to be appealed to the Supreme Court. And the President has said he will abide only by a "definitive" decision of the Supreme Court, but has not defined what he means by "definitive."

Nixon has resisted Cox's claim to the tapes on the ground of executive privilege, a privilege which, the President contends, cannot be subject to review by a court and still be a privilege. The situation is analogous, continues the President, to an ordinary defendant's invoking the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination, which privilege cannot be examined by a court—i.e., the defendant cannot be made to divulge that very information which entitles him to the privilege —if there are reasonable grounds to suppose the privilege is properly exercised.

There can be no doubt that there are reasonable grounds for believing that the President, in order to fulfill his duties, needs the shield of executive privilege, and that lower-court judges and appellate judges cannot go around demanding to inspect miscellaneous presidential papers. But the President's comparison of his situation to the one involving the Fifth Amendment is apt in a correlative sense as well. A defendant who takes the Fifth Amendment must expect that some will think him guilty, whether he is or not. The inference is eminently reasonable. As is the inference from the President's action that he is withholding information for his own protection. Because an inference is reasonable need not, of course, mean that it is true. The President may feel constitutionally obliged to take his present course of action for reasons of precedent. But he could, on the other hand, release the tapes voluntarily, without, it would seem, establishing a precedent on the question of executive privilege. If he fails to do so, he must expect the consequences, and he should, therefore, in making his decision, consider the effect those consequences will have on his Presidency. He must weigh, on the one hand, the effect on his Presidency of the assumption of his guilt against, on the other hand, the loss of whatever it is that is lost by his voluntarily releasing the tapes. This is the President's current dilemma.

Howard Hunt: Justice Outraged

A man caught breaking into Tiffany's at midnight and stuffing his sack with valuables might receive about six months in prison, if he were a first offender and otherwise had a good record.

For his role in the Watergate break-in, E. Howard Hunt was sentenced to 35 years by Judge John Sirica. Other defendants also received long sentences, with the exception of James McCord, whose sentencing was deferred on the assumption that he would talk. In Hunt's case, no mitigating circumstances of previous record, character, or motivation affected the sentence. In fact, Hunt had had a long and honorable record of service to his country as an OSS and CIA operative.

Since his imprisonment, Hunt has been shuttled from one cell to another, and from one hearing to another, usually in manacles. His health has declined. In his first appearance before the Ervin committee, he revealed that he had suffered a stroke since his imprisonment. His accommodations in prison have not prevented his being physically attacked and robbed by other inmates. In addition, his wife died in a Chicago plane crash carrying Watergate money. Numerous and often redundant court actions and hearings have exhausted Hunt's financial resources. His children have been effectively orphaned.

The extraordinary sentences imposed by Judge Sirica were an attempt, and widely recognized as such, to get the defendants to "sing." But Judge Sirica had no way of knowing what further information they possess, if any.

Hunt's 35-year sentence would appear, prima facie, to be unconstitutional. In the first place, it violated the Eighth Amendment prohibition against "cruel and un-

Partners in Government

In Sweden, they just can't unwind.
Half crazed in their collective mind
By taxes, taxes, taxes—still,
They want the state to pay the bill.
Bedeviled by the status quo,
Half voted yes, half voted no:
Which means that Palme now exists
Thanks to the Swedish Communists.

W. H. VON DREELE

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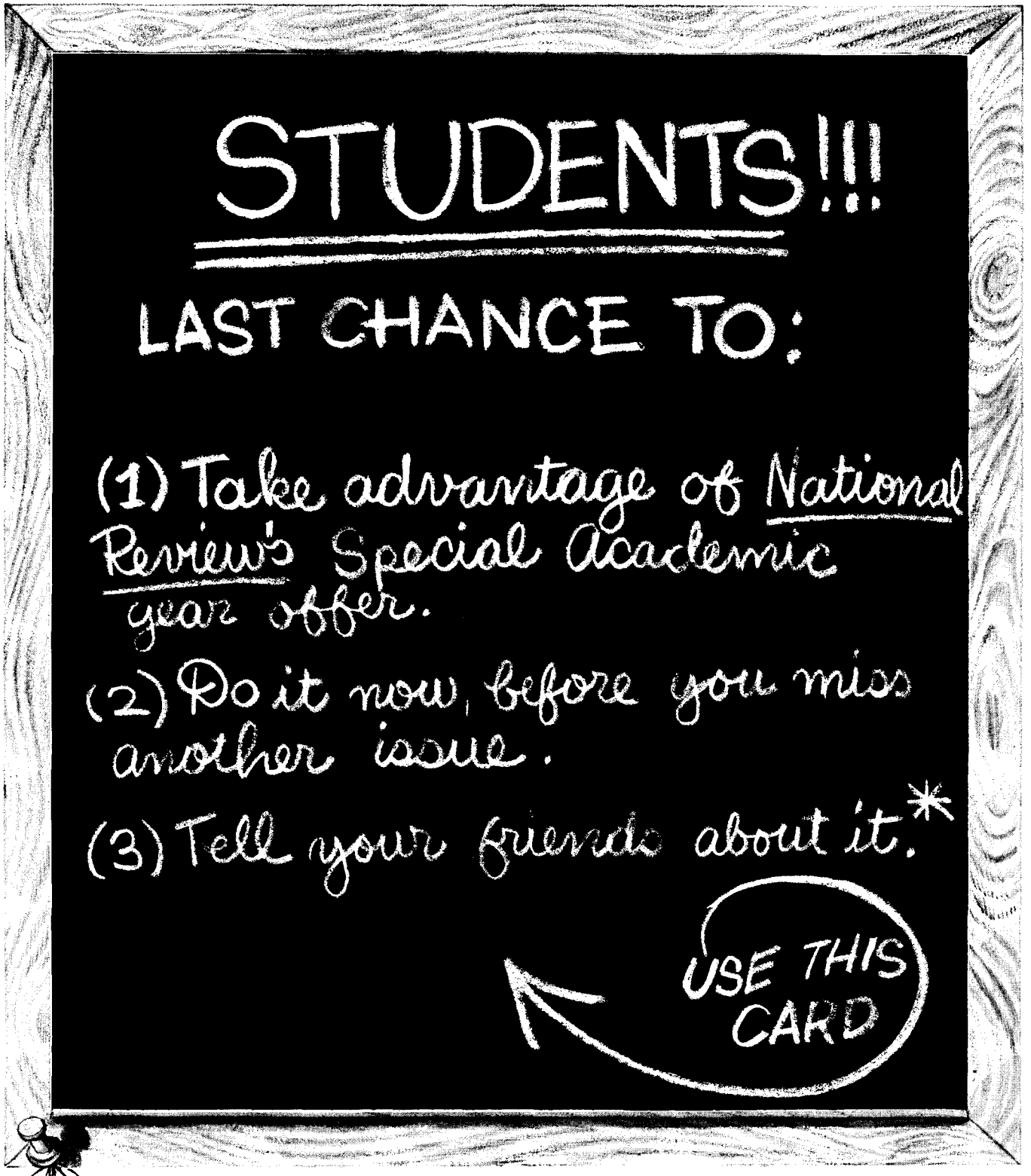
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usual punishments," a prohibition the relevance of which is strengthened by the accompanying language regarding "excessive bail" and "excessive fines." In the second place, it at least indirectly violated the Fifth Amendment, which was designed to eliminate the use of torture to extract incriminating information from a witness or a defendant.

In recent years, rivers of ink have been spilled about real and alleged abuses of justice: how Soledad Brother George Jackson received such a long prison term for a mere armed robbery; how the Berrigans were martyred by their months at Danbury; how felons at Attica have been abused; and how Black Panthers in New York have been persecuted by an unfeeling Judge Murtagh.

We are waiting to hear from Tom Wicker, Murray Kempton, and Kingman Brewster about the case of E. Howard Hunt and the Cubans.

Untangling the Housing Mess

When the government provides in-kind subsidies to the poor or not so poor, a substantial portion of the money goes to bidding up the prices and therefore the incomes of those who provide the state-favored goods and services. Moreover, suppliers can take this business for granted, and don't have to be too concerned about losing customers because of gouging, or poor quality or service. Medicare and Medicaid indirectly subsidize hospitals and medical personnel; food stamps subsidize farmers and food processors; tuition-free colleges subsidize administrators and professors; school milk programs subsidize the dairy industry; and housing programs subsidize builders, bankers, and real estate agents. All such programs also subsidize a vast army of bureaucrats. One need only look at who lobbies for in-kind aid to realize where the benefits go.

President Nixon drove a cleaver into this pork by suggesting experiments giving housing allowances directly to the needy, instead of to the new housing industry. But Manhattan's Borough President, Percy Sutton, is worried because "the housing allowance program does nothing to increase the available supply of decent housing. The law of supply and demand makes the outcome very predictable: The rent levels of existing wornout housing will go up." The *New York Times* agreed that "even the most superficial study of what happens to welfare families—living with the equivalent of rent subsidies—indicates how quickly such subsidies can turn into massive underwriting of slumlords." What Mr. Sutton and the *Times* are saying is that the supply and quality of housing are fixed, regardless of demand or price—a curiously myopic view of supply curves. Having a welfare agency pay whatever rent the landlord asks, as in New York City, is something altogether different from providing a fixed sum and thereby giving buyers (and sellers) an incentive to look for (and offer) the best deal they can get.

Controls: The British Example

"When all the figures are in," says London's *Economist*, "it will probably be demonstrable that, but for Mr. Heath's statutory [wage and price] controls, the retail price index would now be 20 per cent higher than a year ago." Of course, no figures could ever demonstrate conclusively what might have happened if we could remake the past. But *The Economist*'s own "statistical shortcuts" do show that Britain's final-output prices rose at a 7.3 per cent rate during the freeze, compared with 6.8 per cent before, and that total wages "have risen by more in this frozen 1973 than at any other period for which we have records." *The Economist* somehow concludes, rather prematurely, that controls "did work," and compares the current experience with "the success of statutory controls in checking wage-push inflation . . . in 1966-69." (One has to know that this period ended with more than a 9 per cent bulge in wage rates to get the joke.)

Because of a chronic and steeper inflation in Britain than in most other countries, and the consequent devaluation of the pound, it now takes more pounds to buy foreign goods. *The Economist* has the causality exactly backward when it claims that "some 70 per cent of the price increases during the freeze were caused by imports." Those who advocate controls must always be ready with some such ad hoc excuses for the uniformly embarrassing results.

What Say the Augurers?

Ever wonder what in hell's going on in this crazy country? We're not sure either, but as a public service we pass along two grimly plausible theories:

1. George P. Elliott started out in *Harper's* to review Norman Mailer's *Marilyn* but found he couldn't really do the job without a suitable frame of reference. Like the American psyche. So he begins with the obvious: "America tells its children: Everyone can succeed; you must strive to succeed; but succeed at your peril, for all men are equal. Obviously the safest course for us is mediocrity; don't stick your neck out." And: "At the moment, the most illustrious American success is Richard Nixon." So far, so good. "But, as the whole world now knows, he was also faithful to the unmentioned, unmentionable part of the American dream," the same unmentioned, unmentionable part that Elliott-types have so gingerly avoided mentioning for lo these many years. In contrast to Nixon, John and Bobby Kennedy stayed clean; "their success was highly visible; they openly relished it; they were shot. Nixon is safe from assassination, for the ignominy would rub off. Only a nobody is impelled to assassinate a man for being a great success among us, and a nobody's trouble is that he is ignomini-

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ous already." Recent American nobodies have included Oswald, Sirhan, and Ray. "Martin Luther King dared embody in his own self the high, sane dream he spoke of," so he had to go too. But: "What glory would rub off on a man for shooting Nixon?"

2. Veteran New Leftist Carl Oglesby, currently a visiting lecturer in the humanities at MIT, has a more intricate analysis, involving historical, regional, racial, class, financial, imperialist, and other struggles. John F. Kennedy, for instance, started out imperialist (New *Frontier* —get it?) but wavered in Indochina, whereupon the "cowboy elite" of generals and Texans did him in and, having got power, finished off his brother too, not to mention a lot of Vietnamese peasants and black people and students, and, though a lot of things are *still* being covered up, it's clear that somebody murdered Mrs. E. Howard Hunt and possibly framed Clifford Irving as well—"all we know for sure is that Hughes didn't want that book published"—because Hughes is in this thing up to his ears—he has lots of money, you know—and did you catch what Cornelia Wallace said about her having "Yankee blood" in her when she visited New England? We haven't got all the details straight yet, but it's obvious Oglesby is on to something big, and he'll no doubt clear the whole thing up in due course. That is, if the CIA doesn't get to him first.

Prophet with Honor

Filled with "a foreboding of the future of man," Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, maintaining a precarious existence within the Soviet Union, continues to send off his somber warnings to the West, even as the KGB pursues his unpublished manuscripts through the underground and relentlessly persecutes his friends and associates. The circumstance, indeed, of Solzhenitsyn and physicist Andrei Sakharov is unprecedented. At any moment the doors of the prison could close behind them. It is as if Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein had remained in Germany, issuing warnings to the feckless Chamberlain government and reflecting thus on the mood of the democracies: "No, it is not any difficulties of perception that the West is suffering, but a desire not to know, an emotional preference for the pleasant over the unpleasant." Even so.

Solzhenitsyn's latest communication, a long letter first published in Oslo and proposing Sakharov for the Nobel Peace Prize, possesses extraordinary eloquence as well as analytical penetration, and it will go down as one of the major documents of our time.

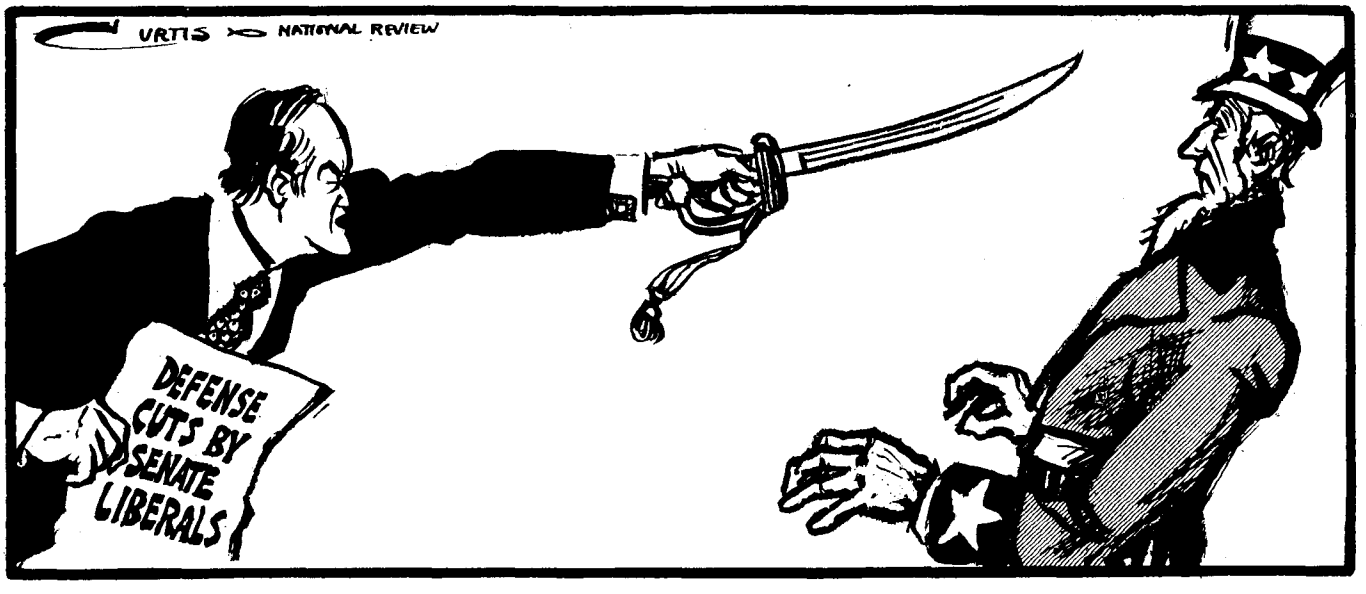
Among its several aspects we note here Solzhenitsyn's mordant attack upon contemporary liberalism:

"The bestial mass killings in Hué, though reliably proved, were only lightly noticed and almost immediately forgiven because the sympathy of society was on the other side, and the inertia could not be disturbed. . . .

"How can anyone believe that this fluttering butterfly of a Ramsey Clark, after all a former Attorney General simply had no idea, simply could not have guessed that the prisoner of war who handed over a piece of paper, needed by Clark for his political purposes, had just been subjected to torture. . . . Quite understandably, no one in the United States reproached Clark for it. After all, that was not Watergate.

"Only such a lopsided moral outlook could have induced the leader of the British Labor Party to visit a foreign country (of course, not in Africa—that would never have been forgiven!) and to grant self-appointed forgiveness to the government without once consulting the local population [Harold Wilson visited Czechoslovakia in 1972].

"In 1966, a British magazine, operating on the broad scope of its unlimited freedom, found nothing tactless in labeling as 'ambitious' a plan by Mihajlo Mihajlov to



"Charge!"

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produce an equally free magazine in Yugoslavia, and a [West] German magazine, in its serenity, commented that Mihajlov's plan was 'premature and would ill serve liberalization.' Since Mihajlov's imprisonment we have seen how liberalization, no longer hampered by any ill service, has spread widely through Yugoslavia.

"Or take the recent desperate boldness of Australian and New Zealand protests against the French nuclear tests. Why were no protests directed against the far more serious Chinese tests? Was it only because of the great cost of keeping an observation vessel on station? I can tell you why. Aside from a lopsided way of looking at the world, it was simply cowardice, because no one would have come back from an expedition into the Chinese desert or toward Chinese shores, and they knew it.

"There you have the whole hypocrisy of many Western protests. It is perfectly proper to protest if there is no danger to life, if the opponent is likely to back down, and if you don't risk being denounced by the Left (in fact, it is always better to protest together with the Left). . . .

"Before the onset of the fast-paced, shifty twentieth century, the existence of two moral standards in man, in a social movement, or even in a government agency, was called hypocrisy. And what is it called today? Could it possibly be that this massive hypocritical lopsidedness of the West is visible only from afar, but not from close up?"

Solzhenitsyn is not likely ever to make it to Stockholm. The world will lose, among other things, his greeting to Olof Palme.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I think, if you will look under your bed every night, you will find Allende.

Cordially,
Joe Piller
Westfield, New Jersey

I hope not. Allende's dead. Or, as Victor Borge used to say about Mozart, "I hope he is—they've buried him."
Cordially, —WFB

■ Editor
The Travel Section
New York Times

Dear Sir:

I have only just now seen your spread of August 12, under the heading "Some of the Best People Are Afraid of Flying," and featuring a gallery of faces including what I hope is the most poltroonish photograph of me ever taken. The writer includes me in the roster of the fearful with the sentence, "William F. Buckley says in his typical fashion that flying is 'committing an egregious effrontery upon the laws of nature' and recommends 'a little of the grape.' "

I have great respect and sympathy for those who fear to fly, but it happens I have never been one of them. The snippets quoted by the author are from a column of advice to the airlines for the benefit of those who fear to fly, and the recommended poultice is of course pleasant not only for them but for others.

My problem (since you are apparently interested) has been in the other direction. As a student at Yale, I, along with a law student who came to be the sainted junior senator from New York, and one or two others, purchased a secondhand airplane. I found it so exultantly easy to fly, after a single 45-minute lesson, that I volunteered in a moment of characteristic compassion to fly a fellow student to Boston the more quickly to unite him with his lady love. I managed to take off all right, and to land, but on the way back to New Haven I quickly deduced that I had forgotten to account for the previous night's return to Eastern Standard Time, leaving me short of light by one hour. I ended by flying one hundred feet above the ground over the NYNH & Hartford railway, which brushed by the airfield at New London, mercifully lit: and I effected my first solo landing, and hitchhiked back to school. Since then I have patrolled the DMZ in a light plane, engaged in a night mission over Laos in a low-flying DC-3, chased kangaroos in Darwin in a helicopter, flown upside down in a Phantom II at twice the speed of sound, taken the controls of a helicopter to do a pas de deux with Barry Goldwater Jr. over the Antarctic, glided serenely in a sailplane over the presidential palace of Salvador Allende, and suffered the rebuke of the pilot for trying

The Coffin Opens

As Dracula, just when the setting sun
Suggests a luscious gustatory night,
Emerges from his coffin for some fun
Until the rosy-fingered morning light;
So Rockefeller, quick to classify
Conservatives in trouble or in pain,
Creeps forward for another college try
As Case and Javits cry, "Again! Again!"
Prepare yourself against the deadly tooth;
Hang high the garlic bulbs and crucifix.
A vampire fears the mirror's awful truth.
(All's fair in love and war—and politics.)
And if your name is Agnew, kindly note:
This species has a penchant for the throat.

W. H. VON DREELE

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to take the controls while landing on an aircraft carrier in the Gulf of Tonkin. My observation is correct, that the laws of gravity are offended by flight, but what else is new? The laws of truth and beauty are likewise offended by the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of the press, and who would compare, unfavorably to the airplane, the disaster record of the airplane, over against, let us say, that of the *New York Times* editorial page?

Yours cordially,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Dear SOB

Your performance last night, Aug. 26, was sickening. I had to turn it off as I didn't want my dinner on the rug.

You—*pretending* to be a practicing Catholic—upholding lies, cheating, stealing, because it always has been done. Is this the real reason this Administration allows the Buckley Clan to get away with ruining the ecology of Florida?

You try to charm people with raising your eyebrows, pursing your lips, and letting us see your back molars —ugh—

You are a SOB, a SNOB, and the way you sit in a chair you look like a SLOB.

Mrs. J. McMoran
Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. McMoran: If you had my back molars, would *you* hide them? Cordially —WFB

Mr. Herb Kenny
Boston Globe
135 Morrissey Blvd.
Boston, Mass. 02107

Dear Herb:

The weekend is not entirely over, so perhaps I shall still hear from you, Frances Bronson having reported that you intend to call. I hope you will, and that you will have cheerful news to report.

Since you are the culture editor of your august paper, perhaps you would convey these words to Mr. Brendan Malin, your television critic, who reviewed my program with Michael Foot. Mr. Malin writes: "Argumentative when he should be inquisitive, Buckley might have done some incisive interviewing but his role was to extinguish more than extract the views of Michael Foot. . . . Next time Channel 2 is hosting an international celebrity it should look elsewhere for an interviewer."

But you see, *Firing Line* is not designed as an interview program. It is specifically (i.e., it's in the contract) described as an *exchange of opinions*, between me and my guest. It has been so for only seven years, which may be the reason Mr. Malin hasn't yet learned that that is the formula.

More. Mr. Malin writes: "When it comes to international affairs, the microphones of the world should be closed in the verbal evanescence of William F. Buckley."

Now I do not mind Mr. Malin's opposing my views on international affairs—that much I glean onomatopoetically by running Mr. Malin's prose through my lips. But I do mind being made the implicit victim of sentences that simply don't make sense. It is impossible to conceive of a microphone as being "closed," or "opened," any more than you can "close" or "open" a switch. I do not know what "in the verbal evanescence" means, though I know what "verbal" means, what "evanescence" means, and, until reading Mr. Malin, thought I knew what "in" meant.

And then how terribly vexing to him that ten days after Mr. Malin should seek to "close" the microphones of the world to—a free translation—my views of international affairs, I should have been designated by the President as the public member in the United States Delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations. Every time I open my mouth, in the months ahead, before that considerable microphone, I shall say to myself: Remember, Bill, your words are charting the future of Brendan Malin.

I shall accordingly speak in language intelligible and, as is my wont, will utter only noble thoughts.

With affectionate greetings to you and Theresa and the family.

As ever,
Bill
—WFB

"You have my word. I'll go to jail before I reveal you as my source."

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Nixon v. Agnew?

GEORGE F. WILL

BECAUSE OF THE evident White House hostility toward Vice President Agnew, the principal issue of the day in the Republic is: Does Mr. Nixon like Mr. Agnew?

Like him? He doesn't even *know* him. They certainly haven't been intimate since January 20, 1969 when Mr. Nixon moved into the White House and Mr. Agnew moved into his suite on the second floor of the Executive Office Building next door. Between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew stood Messrs. Haldeman and Ehrlichman, who regarded Mr. Agnew with the same disdain they reserved for the other 535 men who are in Washington because people voted for them.

And before January 1969?

Before the 1968 nominating convention in Miami, Mr. Nixon had met Mr. Agnew twice. In *The Making of the President 1968* Theodore H. White describes the process by which Mr. Agnew emerged as Mr. Nixon's running mate. Serious thinking about the second spot on the ticket began after midnight on the night Mr. Nixon was nominated.

> Nixon had, in his usual way, tested his thinking on all his close associates. He had queried them over and over again on their preferences; he had floated Spiro Agnew's name several times in such discussions—but staff enthusiasm for Agnew was as close to zero as was reasonably measurable. . . . Nixon himself preferred . . . Robert Finch. . . . Finch suggested scholar John Gardner. . . . Nixon toyed with the idea of . . . Franklin Murphy, former Chancellor of UCLA. . . . The private polls he secretly commissioned to test names were of little help; none of the conspicuous names could add or detract more than a point or two from the test percentages resulting when Nixon's name was offered alone. And Agnew's name was not even on the polling list. . . .
>
> Mr. Nixon took a first sampling of opinion from the 24 men of his operational staff. . . . There were the liberals—Lindsay, Percy, Hatfield. There were the conservatives—Reagan above all others . . . John Tower and George Bush . . . Howard Baker. . . . And, finally, the political eunuchs: Volpe and Agnew. . . . At 6:30 Mr. Nixon went to bed and rose at 8:30 to descend to the Jackie-of-Hearts Room. . . . Nixon had promised he would announce to the nation the name of its new Vice President at about eleven in the morning, but he was no nearer a decision than ever. The nine o'clock session in the Jackie-of-Hearts Room was, in effect, a rump session of eleven elders who had not been able to make the all-night session in the Penthouse Suite. . . . Relatively rested and refreshed, these gentlemen, full of vigor, gave one another a hard time, beginning all over again with the same list of names. . . . The meeting took on the quality of a nominating committee at a boy's club. . . . Mr. Nixon finally withdrew. . . . By now even the Nixon staff was confused. . . . In the morning the Secret Service was detailed to stand guard over four probables: Messrs. Hatfield, Lindsay, Reagan, and Percy. Shortly thereafter the Secret Service was told to drop Hatfield and add John Volpe of Massachusetts. . . . Shortly before noon it was told to add Spiro Agnew of Maryland. . . . By now all had been eliminated by the crossfire at the previous meetings except for the two political neutrals, Agnew and Volpe—plus Robert Finch. . . . Mr. Nixon emerged to give the message to Mr. Finch—that the group wanted him, that he himself wanted to have him.
>
> Mr. Finch's instant thinking is unavailable. Friends describe him as appalled. . . . Finch refused. When the final meeting resumed after its brief interruption, there were only two contenders left—Messrs. Agnew and Volpe. Of whom, Agnew was the most impressive. And at 12:30 Richard Nixon decided. . . .

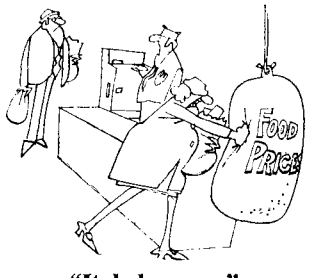
Sound familiar? Change the names, and it matches White's superb description (in *TMOTP 1972*) of the chaotic selection of Tom Eagleton by an exhausted McGovern who, unable to land his first choice, settled for a man he barely knew—a man he had spoken to alone only once, in the Senate steambath.

In a matter of days Mr. McGovern learned rather more than he wanted to know about the stranger he had picked. Is Mr. Nixon now learning unpleasant things about the stranger who works across the alley from the White House? Perhaps. How does one avoid these surprises? Lyndon Johnson knew how.

In 1964, before LBJ picked Hubert Humphrey as his running mate, he went through a grotesque public charade of indecision, right up to convention time. He toyed with Humphrey, Eugene McCarthy, and Senator Tom Dodd of Connecticut. But well before the convention he sent a trusted aide, a lawyer, to Humphrey's northwest Washington home to "horseshed" Humphrey.

You don't recognize the verb? What LBJ meant was that the aide should "take Humphrey behind the horseshed" and grill him mercilessly about every aspect of his public and private life. The aide did that, for hours, asking rude, insulting, embarrassing questions, some of which pushed Humphrey close to loss of temper. But when the aide was done he could give LBJ reasonable assurance that he could safely pick Humphrey. LBJ had his faults, and he should have been an easy act to follow, but when compared with his successor, LBJ is remembered as a paragon of professional competence.

Currently the ratio of speculation to hard information is high, even for Washington. No one really knows anything about Mr. Agnew's legal difficulties. Neither the Baltimore prosecutors, Attorney General Elliot Richardson, Mr. Nixon, or Mr. Agnew is saying anything. But Mr. Nixon has been "saying" things by indirection. He has been programing his press spokesmen to administer carefully calibrated humiliations to Mr. Agnew. In particular Mr. Nixon refused to voice for Mr. Agnew the kind of support he had voiced for Messrs. Haldeman and Ehrlichman until very, very late in the day. □



"It helps . . ."

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The Canonization of Salvador Allende

JAMES BURNHAM

IN THE OLD DAYS saints often had to wait decades or even centuries to be officially canonized, but our age is quicker to recognize its spiritual elite. Within 24 hours of his death, the reigning consistory declared Salvador Allende Gossens a martyred victim to the Faith and awarded the halo. In any given period the Lives of the Saints are cut to a common pattern, and those of our *progressiste* communion are no exception. The internationally approved instant version of Allende's runs as follows:

A sincere, humane, and intelligent man, committed to using only peaceful and democratic means, he sought office to bring equality and justice to his people. A conspiracy of landlords, capitalists, and fascists, backed by the CIA, Pentagon, and U.S.-based multinational corporations, deliberately wrecked the Chilean economy and provoked disorders. The military, acting in effect as their agents, seized power by a bloody coup and put Allende to death so that he could not become a rallying point for popular resistance.

You can read a preliminary draft in a full-page ad published in the *New York Times* September 23 by the Chile Emergency Committee, with four or five hundred appended signatures. (A noteworthy achievement, to have this and the money to pay for it ready a week after the coup.)

"SANTIAGO:

"THE STREETS ARE RED WITH BLOOD

"A tragic course of events has destroyed the constitutional process in Chile. Thousands are reported to have been killed . . . by the recent coup against the democratically elected government of Dr. Salvador Allende. . . .

"Having dealt a death blow to the constitutional order, the right-wing junta has launched a reign of terror. . . .

"The U.S. Government and certain large corporations bear major responsibility for what has happened in Chile. . . . etc."

The list of sponsors is a nostalgic gathering of old-timers with underemployed anti-Vietnamers: Joan Baez, Daniel and Philip Berrigan, Daniel Ellsberg, Jane Fonda, Elizabeth McAlister, Susan Sontag, Kurt Vonnegut, Vietnam Veterans against the War, and Women Strike for Peace linked hand to hand with such senior signers as Henry Steele Commager, Frank Donner, W. H. Ferry, Corliss Lamont, I. F. Stone, Paul M. Sweezy, H. H. Wilson, National Lawyers Guild, and, for kicks, Andreas Papandreou, Eritreans for Liberation, and (ah, *les neiges d'antan*) Dr. and Mrs. Irving Peress.

No Facts, Please

These stale ideologues aren't important on their own account, but some of them are adroit at sniffing the wind. The text of their ad is a raw prototype of what, honed and polished, will become the accepted Allende legend.

This legend, composed of tested ideological symbols, is probably immune to fact. The facts—for example, that 64 per cent of the Chilean electorate voted *against* Allende, that the 36 per cent who voted for him were a divided coalition, that a majority of the democratically elected legislature was opposed to his policies—will not qualify the legend's axiom that Allende was the democratic expression of Chile's popular will. The fact that the fifty thousand truckers whose strike was so critical a phase in Allende's downfall are for the most part owner-drivers of a single truck will not stop reference to "the transportation magnates."

The facts that Allende took no action against the terror and the farm seizures instigated by the Ministas in the countryside or the armed embryo soviets in the *cordones industriales* or the influx of Czech and Soviet weapons, that he sent his police against demonstrations by his opponents but allowed the activists of the Left to terrorize the campuses and occupy buildings without interference, that he had assembled supplies of weapons even in his own two houses as well as in the presidential mansion, will put no shadow on his "commitment to peaceful means." The facts that under his regime the swollen Cuban embassy became the center for subversion and revolt throughout Latin America, that thousands of revolutionary militants from other Latin American countries flocked to Chile in the guise of "refugees," and that the Soviet Union has been flooding Chile with money, propaganda, and agents, will not dampen the encomiums to Allende's "struggle to free his country from foreign domination."

The fact that Allende defied the law as enacted by the legislature and as adjudicated by the highest court will not undermine his reputation for adherence to the constitution. The fact that the military acted only just in time to abort an uprising by the amply armed guerrillas in the south and embryo soviets in the northern cities, supported by the militants of the Marxist parties, an uprising planned to begin with the slaughter of a thousand persons named on a proscription list found in a safe in Allende's Ministry of the Interior, will not shake the conviction that the coup was an aggressive putsch by a cabal of CIA-ITT puppets determined to stop the peaceful, democratic evolution led by Salvador Allende.

Before the Curtain Falls

Before it is blotted wholly out by the legend, let me sum up the bare truth about Allende as a political leader:

On the kindest interpretation, Allende was, like many centrist politicians, a dupe of forces he did not understand. Alternatively, he was, as he often proclaimed himself to be, most recently in an interview with Che Guevara's panegyrist Régis Debray, a genuine Leninist—for whom the chatter about peace, democracy, and constitutional methods would be a routine psywar deception maneuver to get the enemy's guard down.

As usual, history provides an appropriate symbol. We shall probably never be sure whether Allende committed suicide, but one element of the death scene is not in question: the Russian machine gun given to him by Fidel Castro that Allende was holding. □

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Solzhenitsyn's Stalin

He had them all here, those Russians of the older generation, silent now—shot, ground into the soil of Siberia, poisoned, burned, killed in car accidents, driven to suicide.

ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

Editor's Note:

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW took note of the myriad references to the twentieth anniversary of Stalin's death. We let the exact date (March 5) go by without publishing a feature particularly suited to the occasion, in part because it was not obvious what there was to say that was fresh, and anyway there were months ahead of us before the year ended, during which we could act if a singular idea struck us.

It was well before the twentieth anniversary of Stalin's death that Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn emerged. First as the author of *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, which appeared in print during the brief Soviet experiment with what was then thought of as a cultural thaw and is now recognized as a brief historical sally by an experimental anti-Stalinist faction. Soon after *Ivan* was published, it was proscribed; and, with the persecution of Pasternak, Soviet cultural life returned to normal.

But Solzhenitsyn persisted, and a very great novel surfaced—*The First Circle*. It is a work of genius—and in it is a portrait of Josef Stalin that clings to the mind and soul. It is comparable to the greatest portraits in literature. This *was* Stalin; and the fictional liberties taken by the portraitist—whatever they were—advance the truth, rather than obscure it. It dawned on us, during this summer as the confrontation nears—the confrontation between Soviet Communism and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—that his portrait of Stalin, unedited, remains the most appropriate way to remark the twentieth anniversary of Stalin's death.

It is more than a portrait of Caligula. Stalinism, though the forms are modified, survives. Indeed the eponym, who for a brief period was relegated to a mound of turf below the Kremlin wall, a state of classlessness among lesser Soviet heroes which Stalin never thought to carry his revolution to, has risen again. Modestly, to the status of a pediment along the wall, with an impenitent bust. It is widely supposed that

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I laughed as I thought how the world had made of him a personal dictator. He is something so much more than that, so much newer in history than that. I wished he would give me a job, any kind of a job he thought I fitted. It seemed that with such a "boss" one could work forever, if only sometimes one might go to see him and watch the tangled threads untangle through understanding deeper than one's own. When in the months that followed I have grown irritated or appalled by daily life in the Soviet Union . . . I have known that the cause of these troubles is not that Stalin is "dictator," but that there are too few Stalins to dictate.

Anna Louise Strong, 1934

Back in Moscow I was informed that Generalissimo Stalin wished to see me. Stalin was calm, composed, simple. There was nothing cruel or dramatic, nor any attempt to look forceful about Stalin's face. Just steady purpose and a kindly geniality. Here, then, was a man who had helped to plan a new order and a square deal for the masses, and who had been determined from first to last to let nothing hinder the execution of the plan . . . the same person who as a boy fifty years earlier had revolted against "intolerable injustice."

Bishop Hewlett Johnson, 1968

The draft of the new Russian Constitution is a very exciting document . . . Russian economic success is producing a profound sense of internal security, and this in its turn is naturally producing a relaxation of political control.

Harold J. Laski, 1936

Trotsky is a great moral force in the world, but Stalin has lent dignity to mankind; and just as the Inquisition did not detract from the fundamental dignity of Christianity, so the Moscow trials do not detract from the fundamental dignity of Communism.

André Malraux (as quoted by Isaac Deutscher, 1963)

God bless you, Stalin!—as once our fathers prayed that God should bless the king of France.

Rockwell Kent, 1940

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he must rise still further from the dead, perhaps returning to the trinitarian status he shared with Marx and Lenin until his deposition in 1956. Solzhenitsyn is the Soviet Union's cultural Czechoslovakia. Either he must give way, or Bolshevism must give way. It is neither exaggeration nor melodrama to say that, on the twentieth anniversary of Stalin's death, the great struggle is: between Solzhenitsyn and Stalin, whose indelible portrait, as done by his most eloquent enemy, will survive in literature, poetry, and history, irrespective of who wins that great struggle between the spirit of the free man and the spirit of his oppressor.

Solzhenitsyn never supposed that Stalin was a purely Russian phenomenon. Stalin, one can see, for all that he was unique, was a universal. Mr. David Caute, the English historian, wrote this year a book in which he quoted at length from the testimonials rendered to Stalin during his lifetime, some of these testimonials by men still living, many of them by men who greatly influenced politics and culture. They were deceived. Both as regards Stalin, and as regards Stalin's Russia.

One is driven to wondering: What will be written about Mao Tse-tung twenty years after his death? Can we not reasonably expect that the man whose revolution required the execution, by one form or another, of ten—twenty?—thirty?—the estimates are historically responsible—million people will one day be reviled at a public meeting of whatever passes in those days for a Chinese Communist Congress?

There is nothing—not one thought—uttered in praise of Stalin, and Stalin's Russia, that does not have its effusive counterpart today in the testimonials to Mao, and Mao's China, uttered by—James Reston, Barbara Tuchman, Seymour Topping, Richard Nixon, Kenneth Galbraith, John Fairbank, Joseph Kraft, Ross Terrill, Joseph Alsop—they are all there. Will Mr. Caute, or Mr. Caute's successor, write down, twenty-odd years from now, a documentary of the words of these observers, in praise of Mao's China, where public buildings continue to exhibit four massive portraits, the portraits of Mao, of Marx, of Engels—and of Stalin?

This memorial contribution to the anniversary of Stalin is intended to ask the question directly: What reason is there to suppose, making the obvious allowances for the difference between Slavic and Oriental forms of despotism, that Mao's revolution will "work" in a sense in which Stalin's did not? Stalin achieved the hydrogen bomb, so has Mao. He achieved industrialization, so has Mao. His country became a superpower, so did Mao's. What else?

The question was directly touched upon by Mr. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, reviewing a book on the new China by Mr. Harrison Salisbury—*To Peking and Beyond*. The reviewer observed that Mr. Salisbury's "enormous good will toward China glows through everywhere between the facts and the lines." Mr. Lehmann-Haupt is entirely absorbed by the length of Mr. Salisbury's enthusiasm, taken to the point of great disadvantage to the United States. "Where was [the strength] of America?" Lehmann-Haupt quotes Salisbury. "When would the New American Man and the New American Woman walk the earth, proud and confident, making the oceans boil and the continents shake?" Mr. Lehmann-Haupt sighs with empathic exhilaration, closing his review with "a fervent hope that nothing will go wrong in China tomorrow . . . that nothing like what happened to Lincoln Steffens' version of the future will occur to keep Mr. Salisbury's ideal from being fulfilled." I take it that Mr. Lehmann-Haupt, in saying he hopes nothing will go wrong tomorrow, is unconsciously acquiescing in the proposition that at least we can agree that nothing has gone wrong *yet*. In the China Mr. Salisbury celebrates there is no freedom to travel, no freedom to leave one's job, no freedom to practice one's religion, no freedom to read the books one wants to read, no freedom to listen to foreign radio, no freedom to join a labor union, no freedom to counsel, no jury trial or habeas corpus. One wonders: What *could* go wrong tomorrow that hasn't already gone wrong today?

The distinctive difference between the intellectuals' acceptance of Stalin yesterday, and their acceptance of Mao today, is that in behalf of Stalin they sought to disguise his shortcomings or else (most frequently) they refused to recognize his shortcomings. Mao disguises nothing: There is no equiv-

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So let us, in these next five days, start a long march together, not in lockstep, but on different roads leading to the same goal, the goal of building a world structure of peace and justice in which all may stand together with equal dignity and in which each nation, large or small, has a right to determine its own form of government.

Richard Nixon, 1972

The Maoist revolution is on the whole the best thing that has happened to the Chinese people in many centuries. At least, most Chinese seem now to believe so, and it will be hard to prove it otherwise . . . The personal quality of China's government is evident if one compares the very human aura of Chairman Mao's thought as a final arbiter with the rather impersonal legal concepts of the American Constitution. Mao's thought rests on the ancient assumption that man is an instructible moral animal, that rational exhortation can improve his conduct, and that leadership consists in showing him by precept and example the right way to proceed. Politics and morality are thus intertwined, not separable as they have been in the West at least since Machiavelli.

John K. Fairbank, 1972

In a country where misery and want were the foundation of the social structure, . . . the elimination of these conditions in China is so striking that negative aspects of the new rule fade in relative importance.

Barbara Tuchman, 1972

I am a Scotch Calvinist. I believe in the redemption of the human spirit and the improvement of man. Maybe it's because I believe that, or I want to believe it, that I was struck by the tremendous effort to bring out what is best in men, what makes them good, what makes them cooperate with one another and be considerate and not beastly to one another. [In Mao's China] they are trying that.

James Reston, 1971

People ask, "Is China free?", but there is no objective measure of the freedom of a whole society.

Ross Terrill, 1971

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alent, in Mao's China, of the ersatz Soviet Constitution with its prodigal Bill of Rights. None of the apologists for Mao contends that there is anything resembling freedom in China. They ask rather—Professor Ross Terrill most strikingly among them—"what is freedom?"—a formulation that reminds some of us of where epistemological pessimism was first expressed, in Jerusalem, by the God-killer.

This essay then is designed as a tribute to the man Solzhenitsyn, to his art, and to his spirit, and it is an earnest invitation to those attracted to the genus Stalin, to understand what it is that they are nowadays doing. **—WFB**

The doctrines of the Cultural Revolution have been translated into new Communist dogma. Under Mao Tse-tung that dogma has propelled China into a continuing revolution that is producing a new society and a new "Maoist man." Relative stability, prosperity, and surface tranquility have been restored. . . . Ordinary Chinese carry themselves with a new dignity and respond to the exhortations of the Party, which tells them, "You are the masters of the new society."

Seymour Topping, 1971

Solzhenitsyn's Stalin

THE ROOM WAS small and low, with no windows but two doors. Despite the lack of windows the air was fresh and sweet, a special engineer being responsible for its circulation and chemical purity. Much of the room was taken up by a low, well-worn couch with chintz cushions. On the wall above it were twin lamps shaded in pale pink glass.

Lying on the couch was the man whose image, more than any other human likeness in history, had been graven in stone, painted in oils, in watercolor, in gouache, and in sepia, drawn in charcoal, chalk, and brick dust, patterned in gravel, seashells, glazed tiles, grains of wheat, and soya beans, carved in ivory, grown in grass, woven in carpets, registered on celluloid, and outlined in the sky by aircraft.

Now, however, he was simply lying with his feet slightly drawn up; they were shod in Caucasian knee boots so soft and tight that they looked more like gaiters. He wore a military tunic with four large pockets, two on the breast and two at the sides—a comfortable old one from the collection of grey, khaki, black, and white tunics which he had been accustomed to wear since Civil War days and which he had only changed for a marshal's uniform after Stalingrad.

The name of this man was forever headlined in the world's newspapers, intoned by thousands of announcers in hundreds of languages, declaimed by orators, piped by childish voices, chanted in benediction by priests; the name of this man was frozen on the dying lips of prisoners of war, and on the swollen, toothless gums of men in labor camps and jails. His name had been lent to countless cities and squares, streets and avenues, schools, hospitals, mountain ranges, ship canals, factories, mines, state farms, collective farms, battleships, icebreakers, fishing boats, cobbler's shops, and crèches—to which would have been added, if a certain group of Moscow journalists had had their way, the Volga and the moon.

But he was just a little old man with a wizened fold of skin on his neck (which was never shown on portraits), breath that smelled of Turkish pipe tobacco, and thick clammy fingers which left their mark on books. He had felt unwell today and the day before. Although the air was warm he felt a chill on his back and shoulders and had covered them with a brown camel-hair shawl.

He had nothing much to do and was enjoying himself by leafing through a small book in a hard brown cover. He admired the photographs, to which he kept returning, and read snatches of the text, which he knew almost by heart. The advantage of this book was its pocket size—it could go with people wherever they went. It had 250 pages but was printed in widely spaced, bold type so that even the old and the barely literate could read it without strain. Its cover was embossed in gold: *Josef Vissarionovich Stalin—A Short Biography*.

The plain, straightforward phrases had an irresistible and soothing effect on the human heart: strategist of genius . . . wise foresight . . . mighty will . . . iron determination . . . Lenin's virtual deputy from 1918 onward. (Well, wasn't he?) . . . The revolution's greatest military leader found the front in chaos and confusion . . . Frunze's operational plan was based on Stalin's orders . . . (so it was . . .). It was our good fortune that in the difficult years of the War for the Fatherland we were led by a wise and tested Leader—The Great Stalin (yes, they were lucky). Everybody knows the devastating force of Stalin's logic, the crystal clarity of his mind (without false modesty he had to admit it was true) . . . his love for the people . . . his great concern for human beings . . . his dislike of pomp . . . his astounding modesty (very true, that bit about modesty).

Excellent. And they say it's selling well, too. The second edition had run into five million copies, but that was not enough for a country of this size. There was still room for a third edition of ten or twelve million. It should be sold direct in factories, schools, and collective farms.

He felt a touch of nausea. He put the book aside, took a peeled *feijoa* from the little round table and bit into it. As he sucked it his nausea went away, leaving a pleasant taste in his mouth with a faint tang of iodine.

Although he was afraid to admit it, he had noticed that his health was getting worse every month. He was suffering from lapses of memory and attacks of nausea. There was no real pain, but for hours on end he felt horribly weak and had to keep to his couch. Even sleep was no relief: He woke up as stale, jaded, and sluggish as when he had gone to bed and he found movement difficult. In the Caucasus at seventy a man was in his prime—he could climb mountains, ride horses, and chase women. And he had once been so healthy! He so much wanted to live to be ninety, but something was going wrong. For a year now he had not enjoyed his one great pleasure in life—good food. Orange juice

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made his tongue smart, caviar tasted like putty, and even the fiery Georgian *harcho*, which his doctors forbade him to eat, had lost its savor. Gone, too, was his keen palate for wine; drink only gave him a dull headache. And the thought of a woman had become repulsive.

Now that he had decided to live to ninety, Stalin reflected gloomily that this would give him no personal pleasure and that he would have to suffer another twenty years for the sake of mankind.

One doctor had warned him . . . but hadn't the man later been shot? When Moscow's leading doctors applied their stethoscopes to him their hands trembled. They never prescribed injections since he had refused to have them—only electrotherapy and "as much fruit as possible." You didn't have to tell a Georgian to eat fruit!

Half closing his eyes, he took another bite.

In Moscow the great celebrations of his seventieth birthday had ended three days ago.

Traicho Kostov had been done to death on the evening of the 20th, so the real festivities had only begun the next day with a solemn gathering in the Bolshoi Theater at which Mao Tse-tung, La Pasionaria, and other comrades had spoken in his honor. After this there was a great banquet for everybody, then a more intimate banquet. They had drunk vintage Spanish wines. He had had to keep his wits about him as he drank, to watch for any hint of treachery in those faces flushed with drink. Then he and Beria had sat alone drinking Caucasian wine and singing Georgian songs. On the 22nd there had been a huge reception for the foreign diplomats. On the 23rd he had seen himself in part two of Virta's film *The Battle of Stalingrad* and on the stage in Vishnevsky's *Unforgettable 1919*.

Although tiring, these works had pleased him very much. (Stalin Prizes for both of them!) A much truer appreciation of the part he had played in the Civil War, not to mention his role in the War for the Fatherland, was emerging. It was now becoming clear what a great man he had been even then. He well remembered the many occasions on which he had had to advise and restrain the over-trusting, impetuous Lenin. And they were very good, those words Vishnevsky had put into his mouth: "Every worker has the right to speak his mind!—one day we'll write that into the constitution." This showed that even while defending Petrograd against the White armies, he was already thinking about the democracy of the future. In those days, of course, they had called it "the dictatorship of the proletariat"—but no matter, it was great stuff and true to life.

And it had been very clever of Virta to put in that scene with the Friend. Even though Stalin had never been able to keep any such close, devoted friend, because people had always been so insincere and two-faced (and come to think of it, he had never really had a friend like that in all his life), but how good it would have been to have had a true and selfless friend like the one in the film, to whom he could confide those innermost thoughts that came to him at night.

But the main thing was that the ordinary people loved their Leader, really loved and understood him. This was obvious from the newspapers, the cinema, and that exhibition of birthday presents. It was a joy to think that his birthday had been such a great event for the whole people. All those greetings!—greetings from government offices, greetings from institutions, greetings from factories, greetings from private citizens! There were so many that *Pravda* had asked permission to publish two columns of them daily. That meant they would run for several years, but there was no harm in that.

There had been more presents than could be housed in the ten showrooms of the Museum of the Revolution. To allow the people of Moscow to see them unhindered during the day, Stalin had gone to view them at night. The skills of thousands upon thousands of craftsmen, the best that the earth could offer was displayed before him—yet even here he felt listless and indifferent. What use were all these gifts to him? They very soon bored him. And then a recollection of something unpleasant came over him in the museum but, as often happened nowadays, it remained vague, he could not grasp it, and he was left with nothing more than a sense of unease. He had walked round three of the rooms without stopping, until he came to a large television set inscribed with the words "To the great Stalin from the men of the Security Service" (it was the largest Soviet television set ever made and only one model had been produced—at Mavrino). He looked at it for a moment, turned around and left.

So this great event had gone by, leaving him with nothing but a feeling of emptiness. He was racked and tormented by an indefinable something that had weighed on him since his visit to the museum.

It was true that the people loved him, but they were still riddled with faults. How was he to put them right? Communism would have come about so much sooner if it had not been for . . . If it had not been for all those soulless bureaucrats. If it had not been for all those swollen-headed Party bigwigs. If it had not been for weaknesses in organizing and enlightening the masses. The failure to educate Party members properly. The slow pace of construction. The

But the main thing was that the ordinary people loved their Leader, really loved and understood him

bottlenecks in industry. The output of shoddy goods. The bad planning. The resistance to technical change. The unwillingness of youth to go out and work in the backwoods. The wastage of grain during harvest. The embezzlement. The pilfering. The swindling. Sabotage in the labor camps. Leniency by the police. Corruption in housing. The rampant black market. The hoarding. The young people getting out of hand. The grumblers. Snide insinuations from the writers, the pernicious influence of certain films.

No, there was still a lot wrong with the people.

Whose fault was the retreat in '41? The people were told to stand and die—why didn't they? Who had retreated? The people had retreated!

As he recalled 1941 Stalin was inevitably reminded of his own lapse—his hasty and needless departure from Moscow in October. Of course, nobody would call it running away; Stalin had left behind responsible men and had given them firm instructions to defend the capital to the last drop

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of blood. But unfortunately these very men had wavered—so he had had to come back himself and take over.

Later on he ordered the imprisonment of anybody who mentioned the panic of October 16, 1941; but he had punished himself too, by taking the salute at the Seventh of November parade that year. It had been one of the most terrible moments of his life, like the time when he had fallen through the ice during his exile in Siberia—but as then, despair had given him strength. It had been no joke, taking a military parade with the enemy at the gates . . .

But then it wasn't easy to be the greatest man alive . . .

Enervated from lying down too long, Stalin surrendered to a dispiriting train of thought. His tired mind kept wandering. He lay with his eyes half closed and the most disjointed recollections from his long, long life passed through his head. For some reason he remembered nothing good, only the bad things, things that rankled. When he thought of Gori, his birthplace, it was not for its pleasant green hills, the banks of its winding rivers, but for all the ugly things which had kept him away from the place forever. When he thought of 1917 he remembered how Lenin had arrived in Petersburg in April and with such self-assurance had completely reversed the policy so that everyone had laughed at Stalin for having wanted to expand legal Party activity and live in peace with the Provisional Government. They were always laughing at him, yet at the same time always landing him with the difficult and thankless jobs. Why had they sent *him* to the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress on July 6 to persuade the sailors to surrender the fortress to Kerensky and retreat to Kronstadt? Because if they had sent Zinoviev the sailors would have stoned him to death. Because it had to be someone who could talk their language . . . When he remembered 1920, it was Tukhachevsky swearing and shouting that he would have taken Warsaw if it hadn't been for Stalin. He had paid for the jibe . . .

It had been no joke, taking a military parade with the enemy at the gates. . . . But then it wasn't easy to be the greatest man alive

No, he had been unlucky all his life. There had always been someone getting in the way. No sooner had he got rid of one, than another had come along.

There came four gentle knocks at the door—if knock was the right word: It was rather as though the person outside had softly pawed the door like a dog. Stalin turned a switch by the couch and a safety catch clicked as the door was opened by remote control. There was no curtain over the doorway (Stalin hated curtains or anything behind which people might hide) and the bare door opened just enough to admit a dog; but the head that appeared was in the upper half of the doorway and belonged to the still-young-looking but already balding Poskryobyshev with his permanent expression of total fidelity and devotion.

Seeing the Boss lying there half covered with a camel-hair shawl, he was alarmed by his appearance. Avoiding a direct question about his health (there was a tacit assumption that Stalin was always quite well) Poskryobyshev said softly:

"You asked Abakumov to come at half past two. Do you still want to see him?"

Stalin unbuttoned the flap of his breast pocket and pulled out a watch on a chain (like all people of his age he could not bear wristwatches).

It was not yet two o'clock.

He was in no mood to get up, change, and go to his study, but he mustn't let people get out of hand either: You only had to slacken the reins a bit and they'd think he was losing his grip.

"We'll see," Stalin answered wearily and blinked. "I'm not sure."

"Let him come. He'll wait!"

Poskryobyshev nodded—three times to be on the safe side. (He found that to play the good schoolboy strengthened his position.) He paused for a moment, then inquired solicitously: "Will there be anything else?"

Stalin looked sadly at this creature whom unfortunately he could not treat as a friend either, because he was far too much of an underling.

"That's all for now, Sasha," he muttered through his mustache.

Poskryobyshev nodded again, withdrew his head, and firmly shut the door.

Stalin reset the safety catch by remote control and, holding his shawl, turned over.

Then, on a little table, lower even than the couch, he noticed a cheaply produced book in a red and black paper cover and he suddenly remembered what it was that had so much weighed on him, that had ruined his birthday celebrations, and that still nagged him now—Tito! This man was still in his way and he was not yet rid of him.

How could they have been so mistaken about this snake in the grass? Those were great days in '36 and '37 when they had chopped off so many heads—yet they had let Tito go!

With a groan Stalin let his legs down from the couch, sat up, and clutched his head, its slightly reddish hair already turning grey and thinning. He smarted with the utter humiliation of it. Like the hero of legend, Stalin had spent his life cutting off the heads of the Hydra. If the bodies of all his victims had been piled up they would have made more than one Mount Elbruz—yet he had stumbled on a molehill—Tito!

Josef Stalin had met his match in Josip Broz-Tito . . .

The fact that Kerensky was still alive somewhere had never worried Stalin. He would not have cared if Nicholas II or Kolchak had come back from the grave—he had nothing against them personally: They had been avowed enemies, they had never had the impertinence to offer their own brand of a new and better Socialism.

Better Socialism! . . . In other words different from Stalin's! The little guttersnipe! How could you have Socialism *without* Stalin?

It wasn't as if Tito would succeed—nothing would come of it. Stalin looked on Tito in the way that an old country doctor with a lifetime's experience of rough and ready kitchen-table surgery regards a young girl just out of medical school.

Three times now they had had to produce new editions of Lenin's collected works and twice re-edit Marx and Engels. Everybody who had argued, all those people men-

(Continues on page 1113)

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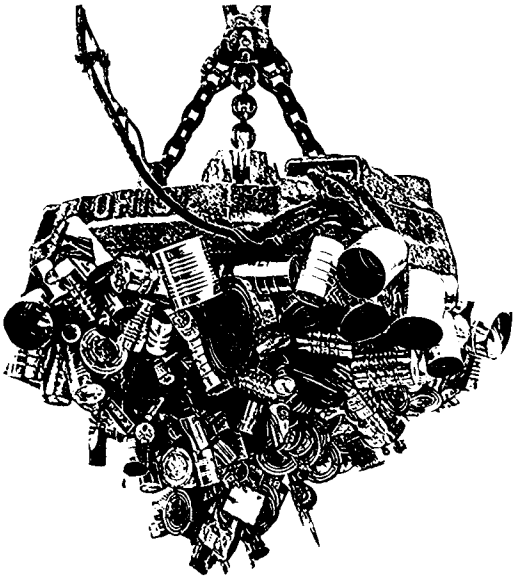

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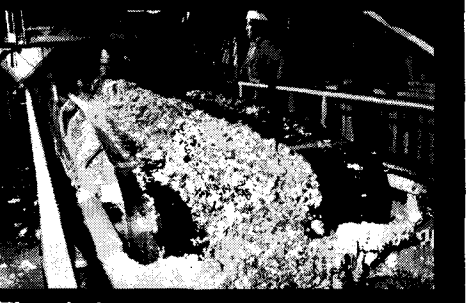

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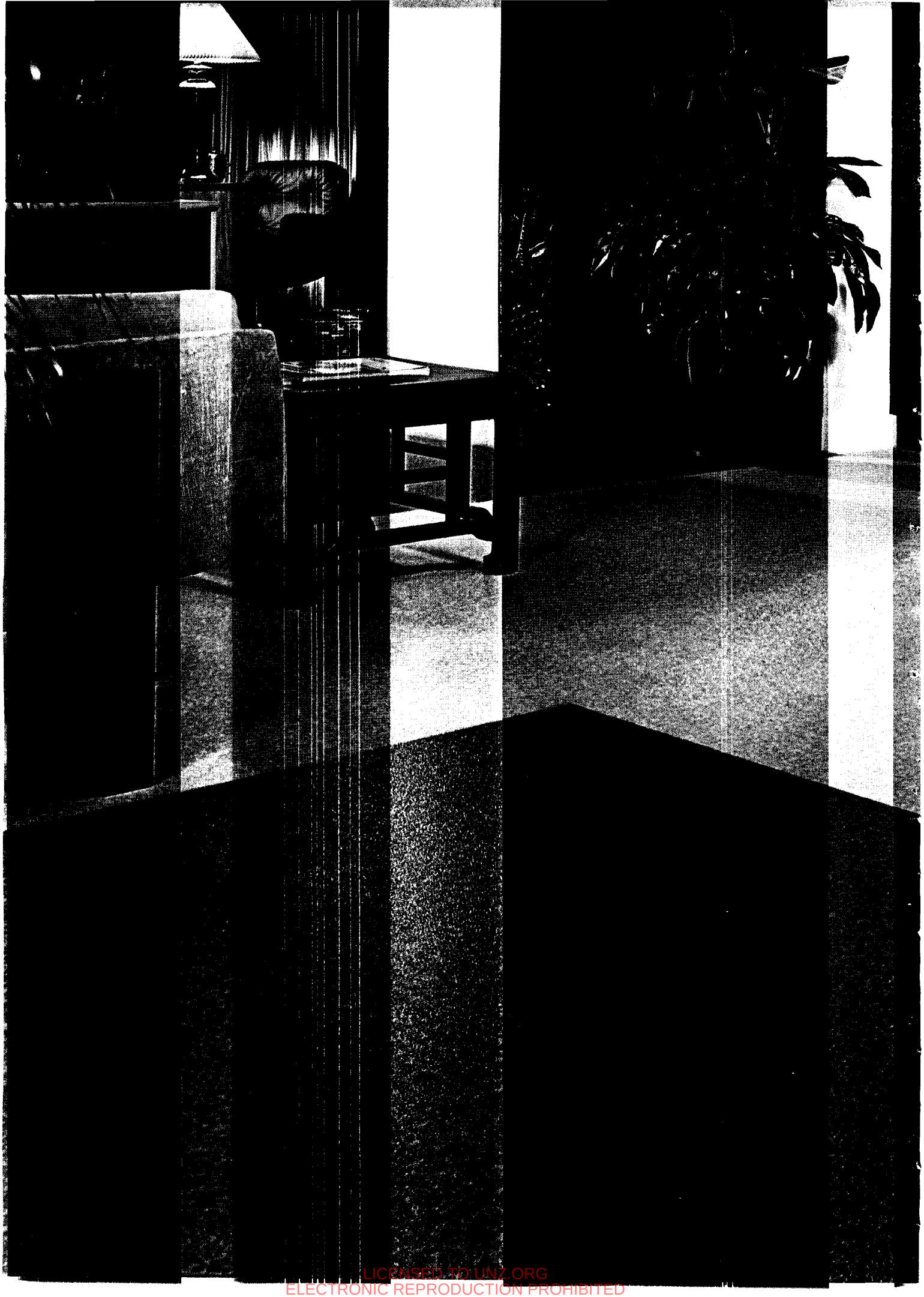

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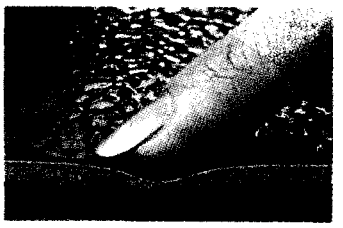
You know how important a floor is. The right one complements design and adds to the total look of a room.

Grand Central, Armstrong's newest design in Quiet Zone Vinyl Corlon®, is that kind of floor for commercial interiors—a floor with style, durability, and quiet comfort.



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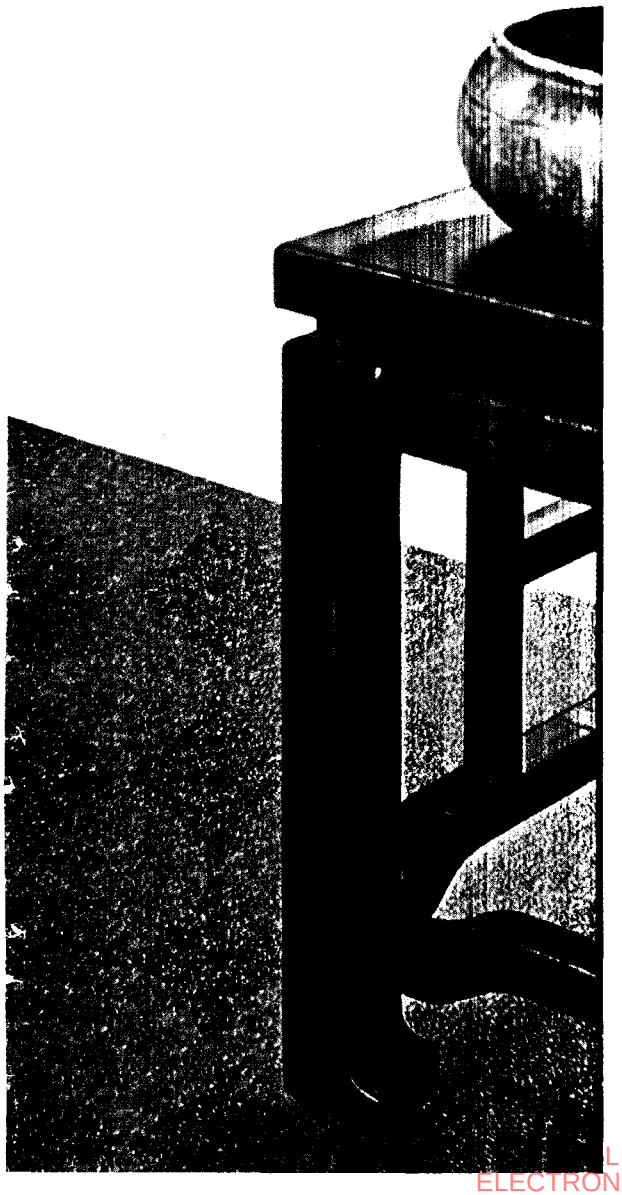
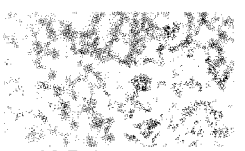
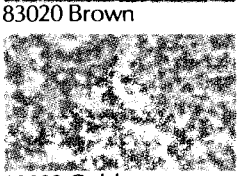


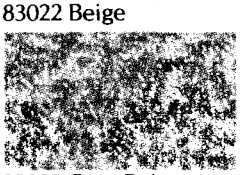
Shh. Quiet Zone™ at work, looking good.

83020 Brown


83022 Beige


83023 Gold

83024 Green


83025 Gray-Beige

The Quiet Zone pattern illustrated here is called Grand Central. It comes in a choice of these six colors to complement your color scheme.

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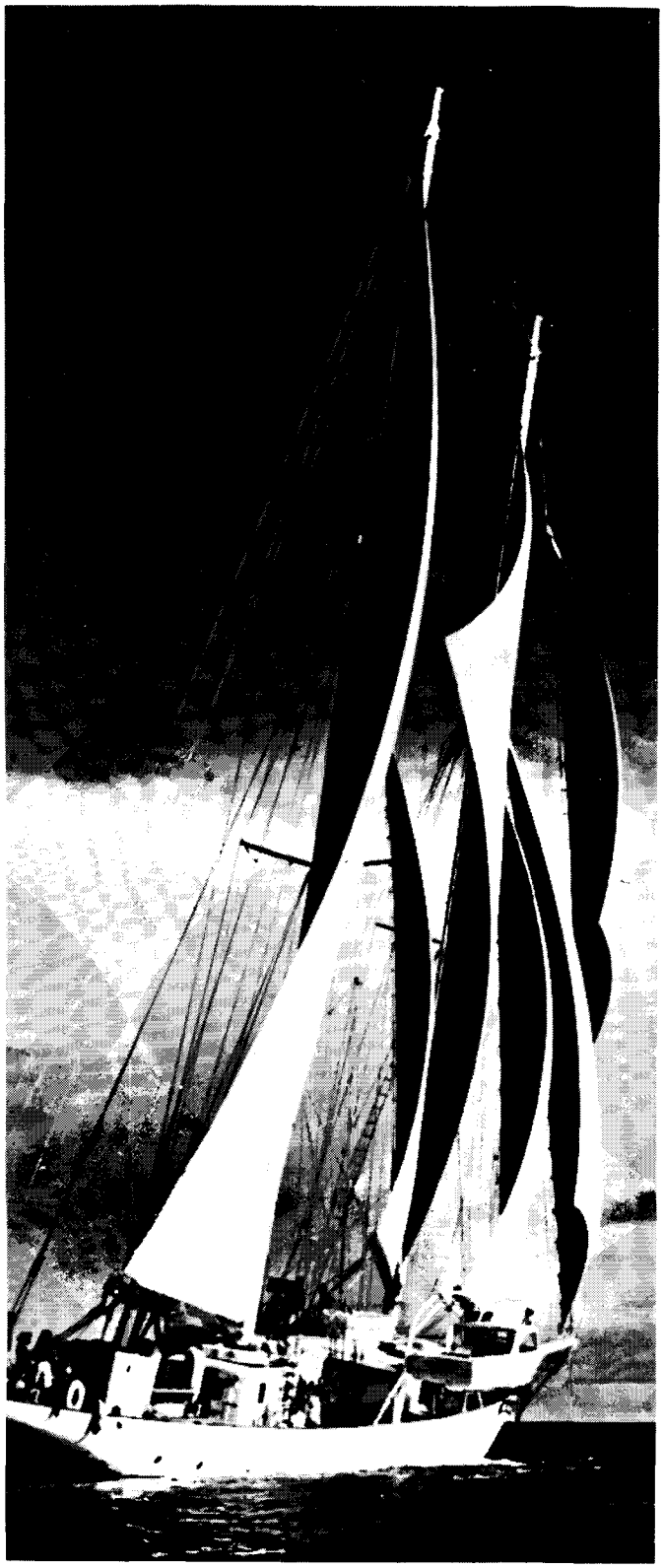

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tioned in the notes to the earlier editions who had wanted to build Socialism differently, were long since dead. And now when even from the wastes of Siberia there was not a murmur of doubt or criticism to be heard—out crawls this creature Tito and his clever stooge Kardelj, telling you that you should have done it differently!

Stalin suddenly became aware that his heart was beating violently; he could scarcely see and he felt a barely controllable urge to twitch all over. He drew a deep breath, ran his hand over his face and mustache. This would never do. He must not let Tito rob him of all peace of mind, put him off his food, and stop him sleeping altogether.

His sight improved a little and he again noticed the little black and red book. The book itself was not to blame, of course. Stalin reached for it eagerly, put some pillows behind him and lay back again for a while.

The book was Reynaud de Jouvenelle's *Tito—The Traitors' Marshal* which had been published in a dozen European languages in millions of copies—how lucky that the author's name made him seem uninvolved in the quarrel, an objective Frenchman, and with an aristocratic-sounding name to boot. Stalin had read the book carefully a few days before, but like all books that pleased him, he kept it at his side. To think of all the millions of people whose eyes it would open to this vain, conceited, cruel, cowardly, vile, hypocritical, despicable tyrant! This sickening traitor! This unspeakable ignoramus! Even some Western Communists had been taken in by him, like that old fool André Marty. He would have to be kicked out of the party for supporting Tito.

He turned over the pages. There—how could anybody call Tito a hero after reading this? Twice he had tried to surrender to the Germans from cowardice but his chief of staff, Jovanovic, had forced him to remain as commander in chief! One of the best, Jovanovic—but they had killed him. And then there was Petricevic—"murdered for his devotion to Stalin." Noble Petricevic! Someone always managed to kill off the good people and it was left to him, Stalin, to deal with the bad ones.

It was all there in this book—how Tito must have been a British agent, how proud he had been of his underwear embroidered with the royal emblem, how physically repulsive he was, like Goering, how his fingers dripped with diamond rings, how he covered himself with medals (what miserable vanity in a man totally devoid of military genius!).

What an honest, objective book. But wasn't Tito impotent too? He ought to have mentioned that.

"The Yugoslav Communist Party is run by murderers and spies." "Tito only became Party leader because he was recommended by Bela Kun and Traicho Kostov."

Kostov! Stalin felt stung by the very name. He was seized by rage and he lashed out with his boot as though kicking Traicho in the face—and his grey eyelids twitched with a sense of justice done. So much for Kostov, the dirty swine!

It was amazing how clearly you could see, after the event, what those scoundrels had been up to. The way they had disguised themselves! He had fixed Kun in '37, but it was a mere ten days since Kostov had slandered a bench of Socialist judges. To think of all the trials Stalin had successfully organized, the number of enemies he had forced to grovel and confess to the vilest crimes—and now look how they had bungled the Kostov trial. They had been made to look complete fools. What a low trick to play—deceiving his experienced interrogators by groveling to them and then denying it all at the public hearing! In front of the foreign press, too! What a way for a Party man to behave! What an example to the proletariat! He had to die, anyway, so he might at least have died in a way that did the Party some good!

Stalin threw the book away. Enough of this lying coward—there was work to be done. As the father of his country he must keep vigil while the rest slept peacefully in their beds.

He got up and stooping slightly walked over to another door, not the one at which Poskryobyshev had knocked, and opened it. Locking it behind him, he shuffled down a low, narrow, winding passage. Like his room, it had no windows, but a skylight. He passed mirrors set at an angle which enabled him to see into the anteroom. He walked through into his bedroom, equally low, cramped, and windowless and equipped with air-conditioning. There was armor plating between the solid oak paneling and the stonework of the wall.

With a tiny key from a chain on his belt Stalin unlocked the metal cover of a decanter, poured himself a glass of his favorite cordial, drank it, and locked the decanter again.

He walked over to the mirror. His eyes stared back at him with that sharp, stern, and incorruptible gaze at which many a minister had quailed. It was a plain, bluff, soldierly look.

He rang for his Georgian orderly to come and dress him.

However routine the occasion, he insisted on dressing the part of the man of destiny.

With his iron will . . . his unshakable resolution . . .

Stalin's most creative hours were the hours of darkness. In the mornings his suspicious mind only ticked over slowly; he would glumly sack people, cut budgets, and merge whole ministries, two or three at a time. At night, on the other hand, his mind, now supple and ingenious, would consider ways of splitting ministries up and devise new names for them; he would approve new expenditure and confirm new appointments.

All his best ideas came to him between midnight and four o'clock in the morning—how to welsh on the state lottery, for instance, by paying premium winners in new bonds instead of cash; how to introduce prison sentences for absenteeism; how to lengthen the working day and the working week; how to stop people changing jobs; how to frame new laws on forced labor and the death penalty; how to abolish the Third International; how to deport whole peoples to Siberia.

The deportation of whole peoples had been an important theoretical innovation and a bold experiment, to which there had been no alternative. No one could deny that he had always been the Party's leading expert on the question of national minorities.

He had a great many other remarkable measures to his credit as well, but lately he had nevertheless sensed a weak spot in this great edifice and an important new decree was maturing in his mind. He had clamped down on everything—all movement had been stopped; the ebb and flow of human beings had been halted; everybody, all two hundred million of them, knew their place—everybody, that was, except for the young people who were drifting away from the land and into the cities.

In general the situation on the collective farms was very

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good, as he had seen from the film *Kuban Cossacks* and from Babayevsky's novel *The Knight of the Golden Star*. The film-makers and the novelist had actually been to the collective farms—they were only showing what they had seen and they had shown that all was well. Stalin himself, too, had talked to collective farmers at various congresses.

But as befitted such a shrewd statesman, Stalin was never complacent. He forced himself to take a more penetrating view that went beyond impressions gained from films or books. One of the provincial Party secretaries (later shot, if he remembered rightly) had let slip that the trouble with the collective farms was that only the old people, who had been enrolled in the collectives in the early Thirties, worked with a will; the young ones (of course, only a few irresponsible individuals) tried to wangle identity papers as soon as they left school and headed for the towns. When Stalin heard this he had begun to brood on it.

It was a lot of nonsense, of course, giving them all secondary education and sending all these cooks' sons to university. This had all been Lenin's fault, though it was still too early to say so aloud. "Any cook should be able to run the country." . . . What had Lenin actually meant by this? Did he mean they should take a day off every week to work in the local soviet? A cook is a cook and his job is to get the dinner ready, whereas telling other people what to do is a highly skilled business; it can only be done by specially selected and trained personnel who have been toughened by years of experience, while in turn the control of this personnel could only be entrusted to one pair of hands—the practiced hands of the Leader.

It should be laid down in the rules for collective farms that just as the land belongs to a farm in perpetuity, so all persons born on that land are automatically members of the collective farm. This should be drafted in such a way as to sound like a privilege, and only the local soviet should have the right to release anyone from membership. A propaganda campaign should be launched at once and there should be articles in the newspapers with headlines like "The Collective Farms Must Belong to the Younger Generation!" or "A Vital Step in Transforming the Countryside!"—but, of course, Soviet journalism didn't need telling how to phrase it.

He seemed to remember that one of the Right Oppositionists (there had never been any such thing as "Right Opposition," but it had suited Stalin to lump a number of his enemies together and deal with them all at one blow) had warned that this problem would arise. Why was it that the people he liquidated had always managed to be right about something? Despite himself Stalin was swayed by their ideas and he kept a wary ear cocked for their voices from beyond the grave.

This decree was urgent, as were other equally important ones that were taking shape in his mind, but today as he entered his study Stalin felt the need to turn his mind to higher things.

Now that he was entering his eighth decade it would be wrong of him to procrastinate. His immortality was, of course, assured; yet Stalin could not help thinking that although people called him the wisest of the wise, they had still not given him his full due. Their enthusiasm, he felt, was superficial, and they did not truly appreciate the extent of his genius. He had lately been obsessed with the idea of making one more major contribution to learning, of leaving his indelible stamp on something else besides philosophy or history. Naturally it would have been easy for him to do this in biology, but he had left biology to Lysenko, that honest, enterprising man of the people. He would have found mathematics or even physics more tempting; he could not help feeling envious when he read those passages in *The Dialectic of Nature* about zero and minus one squared. But despite long sessions with Kiselyov's *Algebra* or Sokolov's *Advanced Physics*, he had found nothing to inspire him.

However, the recent case of Professor Chikobava of Tiflis University had given him an idea, although in the admittedly very different field of linguistics. This Chikobava had come out with what was, at first sight, the anti-Marxist heresy that language is not part of the "superstructure" but is something in its own right, that language is neither bourgeois nor proletarian but simply national in character, and he had openly dared to take issue with none other than

Marr himself. Since both Chikobava and Marr were Georgians the attack had been answered in the Tiflis University *Journal*, a drab unbound copy of which, with its ornate Georgian lettering, was now lying on Stalin's desk. Some disciples of Marr had already answered the presumptuous Chikobava in terms that could only result in a knock on the door in the early hours of the morning. It had already been hinted that Chikobava was an agent of American imperialism.

Nothing would have saved him had not Stalin picked up the telephone and given orders to leave him alone. He not only spared Chikobava's life but decided to immortalize the professor's homespun remarks by developing them into a brilliant work of his own composition.

It would, of course, have made a bigger splash to have refuted that counterrevolutionary theory of relativity, or wave mechanics, but he was so busy with affairs of state that there just hadn't been the time. Linguistics was just another name for grammar, and Stalin had always thought of grammar as of much the same order of difficulty as mathematics.

It should read very well and vividly, he thought to himself as he sat down and began to write: "Whatever national language of the Soviet Union we may take—Russian, Ukrainian, Byelorussian, Uzbek, Kazakh, Georgian, Armenian, Estonian, Latvian, Lithuanian, Moldavian, Tartar, Azerbaijani, Bashkir, Turkmen . . . (hell, he was finding it more and more difficult to stop himself from reeling off great lists like this. But on the other hand, why not? It impressed the reader and made it harder for him to answer

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back) . . . it is obvious . . ." Hmm. Here he had better put in something that was obvious.

But what was obvious? Nothing was obvious . . . it was all very hard going.

Now according to Marx, economics was the "basis," all the rest was "superstructure." And there was nothing else in between. But Stalin had learned from experience that you didn't get very far without something in between. There were, for instance, neutral countries (although not neutral people, of course). But suppose in the Twenties he had said at a Party conference, "He who is not with us is not necessarily against us"? They would have kicked him off the platform, and out of the Party, too. Ah well, that's dialectics for you.

The same applied in this case. While reading Chikobava's article Stalin had been struck by a thought which had never occurred to him before: If language belongs to the superstructure, why doesn't it change with each new stage of social development? If it doesn't belong to the superstructure, then what is it? Part of the basis? A mode of production? But the mode of production is made up of productive forces and productive relations. You could scarcely call language a *relation*, could you? So was it a productive force? But productive forces consist of the instruments of production, the means of production, and people. Hell, how did one sort that one out?

He would have liked to have said that language was an instrument of production like, for instance, a lathe, or a railway, or the post office. After all, it was a form of communication; but if he were to claim that language was an instrument of production, people would laugh at him—though not in this country, of course.

There was no one to advise him—he was alone in the world, like all great philosophers. If only Kant or Spinoza were still alive, or anyone of that caliber, even if they were bourgeois . . . Should he ring up Beria, perhaps? Useless. Beria knew nothing about philosophy.

Perhaps if he phrased it very cautiously . . . like this: "In this respect language, while different in principle from the superstructure, does not, however, differ from instruments of production such as machines, which are as neutral in class terms as language is."

"Neutral *in class terms*"! He wouldn't have got away with that in the old days, either . . .

Putting a full stop, he linked his hands behind his head, yawned and stretched. He had only written one sentence and already he was tired.

Stalin got up and walked the length of the small study, his favorite place for working at night. He went up to a little window that was glazed with two layers of yellowish bullet-proof glass divided by air under high pressure. Outside was a little, walled garden into which the gardener was admitted only in the mornings and then under guard. For most of the time it was deserted.

Now it was full of a mist that hid both the world and the universe beyond. That half of the universe which was within him was orderly and manageable. It was the other half, so-called objective reality, which lurked out there in the mist. Here, within his armor-plated study, Stalin was not afraid of that other half; he felt he had the power to twist and bend it as he wished. It was only when he had to venture out into that objective reality—to attend a banquet in the Hall of Columns, for instance, when he must cross on his own two feet that frightening gap between his car and the door, walk up the stairs and through that excessively large antechamber, past the fawning but much too numerous crowd—only then did he feel faint, completely unprotected and uncertain what to do with his hands, which had long ceased to be capable of defense. So he folded them on his stomach and smiled. Everybody thought that the All-Powerful was smiling graciously at them, but in fact it was a smile of bewilderment . . .

He himself had called space the basic condition for the existence of matter. Yet having made himself master of one-sixth of the world's dry land, he had begun to fear space. What he liked about his study was its very *lack* of space . . .

Again there came that gentle pawing at the door. Stalin pressed the buzzer to unlock the door, which opened to reveal Poskryobyshev's head and face with its expression of a clown who enjoyed punishment.

In a near-whisper he asked gently:

"Shall I send Abakumov home or would you like him to wait a little longer?"

Ah yes, Abakumov. Stalin had been so completely immersed in his writing that he had completely forgotten about him.

He yawned. He was tired of it. The creative spark which had briefly flared up was extinguished, and that last sentence was no good.

"All right, send him in."

He reached for another decanter with a metal lid, opened it with the key on his belt, and drank a glassful.

He could never let up.

So far from calling him "Aleksandr" to his face, hardly anyone even dared in private to refer to Poskryobyshev by anything other than his full name. "Proskryobyshev rang" meant "the Boss rang." "Poskryobyshev has given orders" meant "the Boss has given orders." Aleksandr Poskryobyshev had held the post of chief of Stalin's personal secretariat for over 15 years. That was a very long time, and anyone who did not know him well might justifiably have wondered how he had managed to keep his head on his shoulders for so long. The secret was simple: This ex-veterinary surgeon from Penza had the soul of an officer's batman, and it was this which had made him so secure in his job. Even after being made a lieutenant-general, a member of the Central Committee, and head of a special department for keeping a check on members of the Central Committee, he still behaved like a lackey toward the Boss. Giggling sycophantically he would clink glasses with him in a toast to his native village of Sopliki. With his sixth sense, Stalin realized that Poskryobyshev was totally devoid of hostility, and he had no misgiving about him. His name, derived from the Russian word "to scrape," suited him well: At his conception the Fates had somehow failed to scrape together those qualities which go to make a complete human being.

But when he dealt with subordinates this dim-looking, balding courtier became vastly important. When telephoning his juniors he took so little trouble to speak distinctly that the other person almost had to put his ear right into the receiver to catch what he was saying. It was occasionally

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permissible to joke with him about trivialities, but no one ever dared to ask, "How are things 'up there' today?" (Even Stalin's own daughter was never allowed to know how "things" were; whenever she rang him up the only answers she got were that he was "around" or "not around," according to whether his footsteps could be heard.)

Today Poskryobyshev said to Abakumov: "Stalin is working. He may call you in, and he may not. He says you're to wait."

He took Abakumov's briefcase, led him into the waiting-room, and disappeared.

Even Abakumov had not dared to ask the question which was uppermost in his mind: "What sort of a mood is the Boss in today?" Heart thumping, he sat alone in the waiting-room.

Whenever he went to see Stalin this strapping, powerful, decisive man experienced the same degree of terror which people had felt at the height of the purges whenever they heard footsteps on the staircase at night. The fear made his ears first turn ice-cold then flush with burning heat, and every time this happened Abakumov's terror was increased at the thought that the redness of his ears might arouse the Boss's suspicion. The slightest thing made Stalin suspicious. He hated it, for instance, if anyone in his presence put his hand into an inside pocket. For this reason Abakumov always transferred his three fountain pens, used for note-taking, from his inside pocket to his outside breast pocket.

The day-to-day running of the Ministry of State Security was in the hands of Beria, from whom Abakumov received most of his orders. But once a month the Autocrat himself liked to have personal contact with the person to whom he had entrusted the security of his realm. These interviews, which lasted about an hour, were a heavy price to pay for all the might and power with which Abakumov was invested. He was only able to enjoy life in between interviews. When the time for another one came, fear seized him, his ears froze, he handed over his briefcase to Poskryobyshev without knowing whether he would ever get it back again, and as he waited outside the study he bowed his ox-like head, never sure whether it would still be on his shoulders in an hour's time.

The terrible thing about Stalin was that if you made a mistake with him, it was like mishandling a detonator—it was the last mistake of your life. Stalin was terrible because he never listened to excuses. He never even accused you; the only sign was a malignant gleam from his yellow, tigerish eyes and a slight puckering of his lower eyelids. Inwardly he had already passed sentence without the victim even being aware of it: He would be allowed to leave, he would be arrested the same night, and by morning he would be shot.

Worst of all was his silence and that puckering of his lower eyelids . . . If Stalin poked you with something heavy or sharp, if he trod on your toe, spat at you, or blew hot ash out of his pipe into your face, this meant that his anger was only temporary and would pass. Even if Stalin swore or used the foulest language, Abakumov was inwardly relieved: This meant that the Boss still felt that his Minister could be made to mend his ways and could remain in favor. By now, of course, Abakumov realized that his ambition had carried him rather too far: Lower down the ladder life was safer, and Stalin was always pleasanter in his dealings with his more distant subordinates; but once a person had advanced so far into the circle close to Stalin there was no way back.

The only prospect was death. One's own. Or . . .

Whenever Abakumov stood face to face with Stalin he was always dogged by the fear of being in some way shown up.

In particular he lived in permanent terror that Stalin would learn the story of how he had made himself a small fortune in Germany. At the end of the war Abakumov had been the head of SMERSH, in charge of counterintelligence on all the fighting fronts. It was a brief, splendid period in which people had been in a position to do very well for themselves without any fear of being caught. In order to increase the force of the final knockout blow against Germany, Stalin borrowed Hitler's method of allowing the troops in the front line to send parcels home. This was based

He had never trusted his relatives, his wives, or his mistresses. He had not even trusted his children. And how right he had been!

on Stalin's personal insight into the soldiers' mentality, on what he would have felt if he had been in their place. Fighting for one's country, he reasoned, was all very well, fighting for Stalin was better still; but in order to induce the soldiery to risk their lives at the most thankless time of all—nearly at the end of the war—would it not be better to give them a powerful and material incentive by allowing them to send home booty? Men in the ranks could send home ten pounds per month, officers twenty pounds, and generals a hundredweight. (This grading by rank was quite fair, because a soldier's pack ought not be weighed down while he is on the march, whereas a general always had his car.) But SMERSH, the counterintelligence organization, was in an incomparably better position than even the generals. It was out of range of enemy shellfire; it was never bombed by enemy aircraft. It was always to be found in that zone immediately behind the front line which was just far enough in the rear to be safe from bombardment, yet far enough forward to discourage any visits from the auditors of the Ministry of Finance. Its officers were enveloped in a cloud of secrecy. No one dared investigate what was in those sealed freight cars, what they were removing from that requisitioned estate, what that building was that SMERSH had ringed with sentries. Trucks, trains, and aircraft were used to carry back booty for the officers of SMERSH. A lieutenant who knew the ropes could make off with a haul worth thousands, a colonel could lay his hands on hundreds of thousands, while the value of Abakumov's loot ran into millions.

It was true that he could not imagine a situation, such as losing his job, in which his gold would be of the slightest use to him, even if it were all in a Swiss bank. No amount of worldly goods would bring a minister back to life once he had lost his head. But it was simply beyond Abakumov's powers to stand by and watch his underlings making their fortunes while taking nothing for himself. So he sent de-

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tachment after detachment out hunting. He had even been unable to resist two trunkfuls of men's braces. He looted compulsively.

Unfortunately this hoard of the Nibelungs could not be converted into usable wealth and instead became for Abakumov a constant source of fear. None of those who were in the know would have dared to inform on the mighty Abakumov, but there was always the possibility of something unforeseen giving him away. The stuff was useless to him, and now there was no way of getting rid of it without revealing his misdeeds . . .

. . . He had arrived at half past two in the morning, yet it was now ten minutes to four and he was still pacing up and down the waiting-room, clutching his thick, new notepad and feeling sick with fear. His ears were beginning to burn. Most of all he would have liked Stalin to become so absorbed in work that he had no time to see him; Abakumov was afraid of serious trouble over the scrambler [that one of his prison units was working on, thus far unsuccessfully]. He had no idea how he was going to talk himself out of the situation.

Then the heavy door opened halfway. Poskryobyshev entered softly, almost on tiptoe, and beckoned in silence. Abakumov moved forward, trying to shorten his usual long, swaggering stride. He squeezed his carcass through the next door, which was also half open, without opening it any farther, grasping it by the polished bronze handle to hold it in place. As he came in he said:

"Good evening, Marshal. May I come in?"

He had made the mistake of not clearing his throat in time and this made his voice sound hoarse and insufficiently subservient.

Stalin was writing at his desk, wearing a tunic with gold buttons and several rows of medal ribbons but no epaulettes. He finished the sentence he was writing before raising his head and glancing at Abakumov with a sinister, owl-like stare. He said nothing.

This was a very bad sign.

Still he said nothing and began writing again.

Abakumov shut the door behind him, but did not dare to take another step without a nod or a gesture of invitation. He stood at attention, leaning slightly forward with a polite smile on his fleshy lips. His ears were aflame.

Abakumov had been in both the Boss's studies—the official daytime study and this little one that he used for night work. The large daytime study on the upper floor was bright and sunny, with ordinary windows. There on the long bookshelves the whole of human thought stood on parade, bound in bright covers. On the spacious walls hung the Leader's favorite pictures—pictures of himself. In one he was seen wearing the winter uniform of the generalissimo, in another the summer dress of a marshal. There were sofas, armchairs, and numerous ordinary chairs, used for receiving foreign delegations and for conferences. It was there, too, that Stalin had himself photographed.

His nighttime study, however, hugged the ground; it was devoid of pictures or ornaments and its windows were very small. Four modest bookcases lined the walls; a desk stood in the middle of the room. The only other things in the room were a radiogram in one corner, a record-rack beside it. At night Stalin liked playing records of his old speeches.

Abakumov bent forward inquiringly and waited.

Stalin continued to write with that special concentration and seriousness which is appropriate when every word becomes history the very moment it flows from the pen. Almost the only light in the room was the beam from his desk lamp onto his paper; the concealed wall-lighting was very dim. Stalin occasionally stopped writing to lean back, to glance aside or onto the floor, to glare at Abakumov as though listening to something—although there was not a sound in the room.

What was it that lent such authority to his manner, that gave such significance to his every movement? Surely young Josef Djugashvili had moved his hands and fingers in just the same way, had raised his eyebrows like this, had looked like this? But in those days no one had been frightened of his look, no one had tried to divine the terrible import of his movements. It was only after a certain number of heads had rolled that people began to interpret certain of the Leader's movements as hints, warnings, threats, or commands. When Stalin noticed how others were observing him, he started to watch himself until he too found that he could detect menacing signals in his own gestures and looks; then he began purposely to cultivate them, which made their effect on other people even greater.

Finally, Stalin gave Abakumov one of his grimmest looks and jabbed his pipe stem in the direction of a chair.

Abakumov gave a start of delight, trotted forward, and sat down, though only on the edge of the chair, the more easily to leap to his feet again.

"Well?" said Stalin, looking down at his papers.

The moment had come. The secret was to grasp the conversational initiative and keep it at all costs. Abakumov coughed, cleared his throat, and launched forth into a rapid, almost ecstatic monologue. (He always cursed himself afterward for his garrulous eagerness in Stalin's presence and for the rash promises he made him, but somehow it always happened that when Stalin was gruff with him Abakumov was all the less able to control himself and his promises grew wilder and wilder.)

One of the most attractive features of Abakumov's reports, and the main reason why Stalin liked them, was his invariable discovery of some sinister, widely ramified group of spies and traitors. Abakumov never presented a report without describing how some such gang (a new one each time) had been put out of action. For today he had prepared a story about a hostile group in the Frunze Military Academy, and he would make sure that his detailed account of it took up a very long time.

He began, however, by describing his successful efforts (he had no idea whether they really were being successful or not) to arrange for the removal of Tito. He said that a time bomb would be placed on board Tito's yacht before it set out for the island of Brioni.

Stalin looked up, put his cold pipe into his mouth, and took a couple of puffs. This was the only movement he made and he showed no sign of interest, but Abakumov, who had managed to acquire a certain insight into Stalin's behavior, sensed that he had touched the right spot.

"But what about Rankovic?" asked Stalin. Of course, of course! They must find out when the whole clique—Rankovic, Kardelj, and Moshe Pijade—could all be blown to bits simultaneously. According to their calculations, this ought to occur no later than the spring. (Of course the crew

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of the yacht would perish in the explosion too, but details like that were no concern of Abakumov's, and Stalin, the Sailors' Best Friend, showed no curiosity on this score.)

But what was he thinking about as he sucked his cold pipe and stared expressionlessly at the Minister past his bulbous, hooked nose? He was obviously not thinking that the Party of which he was the leader had begun by renouncing acts of terrorism against individuals. Nor that he himself had never had any qualms about employing terror as a means of getting to the top. As he sucked his pipe and looked at this hulking, pink-faced rascal with the burning ears, Stalin's thoughts were following the line they always took at the sight of his zealous, unscrupulous, fawning subordinates.

At moments like this his first thought was always: How far can I trust him? And his second thought was whether the moment had come to get rid of him. Stalin knew perfectly well that Abakumov had amassed a fortune in 1945, but he stayed his hand and refrained from punishing him. Stalin was glad that Abakumov was that sort of man. Greedy people were much easier to manipulate. Stalin had learned to be wariest of people who were indifferent to worldly goods, people like Bukharin. He could not understand their motivation and found it hard to manage them.

However, even though he could read Abakumov like a book, he did not trust the man. Distrust of people was the dominating characteristic of Josef Djugashvili; it was his only philosophy of life. He had not trusted his own mother; neither had he trusted God, before Whom as a young man he had bowed down in His temple. He had not trusted his fellow Party members, especially those with the gift of eloquence. He had not trusted his comrades in exile. He did not trust the peasants to sow their grain and harvest the wheat unless he forced them to do it and watched over them. He did not trust the workers to work unless he laid down their production targets. He did not trust the intellectuals to help the cause rather than to harm it. He did not trust the soldiers and the generals to fight without penal battalions and field security squads. He had never trusted his relatives, his wives, or his mistresses. He had not even trusted his children. And how right he had been!

In all his long, suspicion-ridden life he had only trusted one man. That man had shown the whole world that he knew his own mind, knew whom it was expedient to like and whom to hate; and he had always known when to turn round and offer the hand of friendship to those who had been his enemies.

This man, whom Stalin had trusted, was Adolf Hitler.

Stalin had looked on with approval and malicious delight as Hitler had overrun Poland, France, and Belgium, as his bombers had darkened the sky over England. Molotov had come back from Berlin thoroughly frightened; agents reported that Hitler was transferring his forces eastward; Hess flew to England, and Churchill had warned Stalin of an attack. Every jackdaw in the woods of Byelorussia and on the poplars of Galicia had shrieked war. Every peasant woman in every market place in Russia had prophesied war day in and day out. Only Stalin had remained unperturbed.

He had trusted Hitler . . .

That trust had very nearly cost him his own life. All the more reason never again to trust anyone . . .

Abakumov was sick to death of all this morbid suspiciousness, but dared not say so. He was tired of fooling around with the laborious business of getting that idiot Petro Popivoda to write articles denouncing Tito. Abakumov had all those fine fellows lined up to go and do the job, and instead of Stalin fussing about their security clearance he ought simply to see them and form his own judgment of them. As things stood now, it was impossible to say whether the operation would be a success or not. Abakumov hated being forced to use these ham-handed methods.

But he knew his Boss. It was fatal to work for him at full capacity; instead, one had to find the golden mean: While Stalin would not tolerate failure, he also hated it if people were too efficient. He saw in this a threat to his own absolute superiority in everything. Nobody else was allowed to achieve perfection.

So Abakumov—and he was not the only one—while appearing to strain at his harness, was actually only working at half pressure. Just as King Midas turned everything he touched into gold, so Stalin's touch turned everything into mediocrity.

Today, however, Abakumov had the impression that as his report progressed Stalin's expression grew brighter. Having described the planned assassination of Tito in great detail, the Minister quickly turned to his reports on the Frunze Academy, the Theological Academy, and so on; he even tried to avoid looking at the telephone on Stalin's desk for fear of putting the Leader in mind of it. But he could see that Stalin was straining to remember something, and fervently hoped he was not thinking of the scrambler. Stalin gathered his forehead into thick folds, twitched his large nose, and fixed his piercing stare on Abakumov (the Minister tried to look as honest and innocent as possible)—but the passing thought had obviously slipped out of his grasp again. The frown on his grey forehead gave way to a look of perplexity.

Stalin sighed, filled his pipe and lit it.

"Ah, yes," he recalled at the first puff, although this was only a fleeting recollection and not the main thought that had just occurred to him: "What about Gomulka—has he been arrested?"

In Poland Gomulka had recently been dismissed from all his posts and was now heading straight for the abyss.

"Yes, he's been arrested," Abakumov confirmed, slightly rising from his seat in sheer relief. (He had already told

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Stalin about Gomulka's arrest.) Arresting people was the easiest of his department's job.

Stalin pressed a button on his desk to increase the light. The wall lamps were switched on and the room became very bright. Stalin rose from his seat and began to walk up and down, puffing at his pipe. Abakumov recognized this as a sign that the audience was at an end and that the Boss would now start dictating instructions. He opened a large notepad on his knees, took out a fountain pen and prepared to write. (The Leader liked people to note down what he had to say.)

But Stalin walked to the radiogram and back, still smoking his pipe and not saying a word, as though he had completely forgotten about Abakumov. His grey pock-marked face scowled in an agonizing effort to recollect. As he passed by Abakumov in profile the Minister noticed that the Leader's shoulders had grown slightly hunched, which made him look even shorter and smaller. And although Abakumov normally suppressed such thoughts in case some secret mechanism in the wall might read them, it occurred to him that the Old Man had less than ten years to live. The sooner the better, Abakumov thought—life, he felt, would then become bearable, even enjoyable, for him and his colleagues at the top.

Stalin was again suffering from a lapse of memory. His mind was refusing to obey him. On his way into the study from the bedroom he had made a mental note of the question he was to ask Abakumov—and now he had forgotten it. Helpless, he was unable even to frown or rack his brain in order to remember.

Suddenly he jerked up his head, stared at the top of the wall facing him—and remembered. It was not, however, what he should have remembered but something which he had failed to recall two nights ago in the Museum of the Revolution and which he had merely sensed as an unpleasant feeling.

. . . It had happened in 1937: On the twentieth anniversary of the revolution, when so much, as he saw it, had changed in the interpretation of the history of the revolution, he decided to make a personal visit to the Museum to see whether they had made any blunders. Standing in the doorway of one of the rooms—the one which now contained the huge television set—with eyes that were as though suddenly opened he had seen, high up on the opposite wall, two large portraits of Zhelyabov and Sofia Perovskaya, the two Populist terrorists who had assassinated Alexander II. Their expressions were open and fearless, their looks indomitable, and they seemed to shout to each person entering the room: "Kill the tyrant!"

As though transfixed by two arrows, his vocal chords paralyzed by the glance of these two revolutionary idealists, Stalin had turned away, made a hoarse sound, coughed, and pointed a shaking finger at the two portraits.

They had immediately been taken down, and at the same time the shattered remains of the carriage in which Alexander II had been riding at the moment of his assassination —this was the earliest revolutionary relic—were removed from the Kshesinskaya Palace in Leningrad.

It was then that Stalin had started having apartments and retreats built for himself in different places. It was then that he had lost his taste for life in the crowded city and had moved out, ending up in this villa near Moscow, this cramped study next to the quarters of his bodyguard.

The more people he destroyed the more he was oppressed by fear for his own life. His brain was constantly at work devising improvements in the arrangements for his security, such as the rule that members of the guard were assigned to duty only an hour beforehand and that the guard must be composed of soldiers taken from different barracks: They thus met for the first time in the guardroom, were never together for more than 24 hours, and had no chance of plotting. The villa he had built himself was like a maze and it was surrounded by three walls, none of whose gates faced each other. He also had several bedrooms and he only gave instructions about which bed was to be made up just before he retired for the night.

He regarded none of these elaborate measures as a sign of cowardice, but only of good sense. The fact was that the safety of his person was crucial to human history, even though other people might not see it this way, and so that these measures did not seem too conspicuous he ordered all the *lesser* leaders both in the capital and the provinces to follow his example. They were forbidden even to go to the lavatory without a guard and they were only allowed to travel in a cortege of three cars, indistinguishable in appearance . . .

Now, suddenly affected by that memory of the portraits in the Museum, he paused in the middle of the room, turned to Abakumov and said, waving his pipe stem in the air: "And what are you doing about security for Party officials?"

The look in his eyes became ominous and hostile as he put his head on one side.

With his notepad open Abakumov half rose from his chair (he did not stand up fully, knowing that Stalin liked people to sit still) and began to talk eagerly on this unexpected topic. This always happened at these meetings and Stalin took the slightest hesitation as a sign of ill intent.

"Marshal!" Abakumov's voice trembled as if his feelings had been hurt. "But that is what we are for, that is the purpose of the Ministry, to ensure that you, Marshal, can work and think in peace and guide the destinies of the country."

(Although Stalin had asked about the "security of Party officials," Abakumov knew perfectly well that he was referring to himself alone.)

"But not a day goes by without my carrying out all kinds of checks and making arrests."

Still standing there like a raven with his head on one side, Stalin looked at him sharply.

"Tell me," he said thoughtfully. "Do we still have cases involving charges of terrorism?"

Abakumov heaved a bitter sigh.

"I would be glad if I could tell you that there were no more such cases. But there are. We come across them in all sorts of stinking holes."

Stalin closed one eye; the other eye registered pleasure.

"That's good," he nodded. "So you're doing your stuff."

"But of course . . ." Abakumov could not bear to sit in the presence of the Leader when he was standing, and he rose slightly from his chair without fully straightening his legs. "We don't allow these cases to reach the stage of actual preparations—we nip them in the bud, while it's still only a matter of intent. We get them on Article 19."

"Good, good," Stalin said reassuringly and motioned

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Abakumov to sit. (He could do without this great carcass towering over him.) "So you think there are still malcontents among the people?"

Abakumov sighed again and replied with an air of regret: "Yes, Marshal. There is still a certain percentage . . ."

(He wasn't such a fool as to say there were none; otherwise what was the point of Abakumov and his whole organization?)

"You're quite right," Stalin said warmly. "I see you know your job. Some people say there are no more malcontents, that everybody who votes for us at elections is happy. What d'you say to that?" Stalin smirked. "Political blindness, that's what it is. The enemy's biding his time; just because he votes for us it doesn't mean he's happy. About 5 per cent would you say? Or 8, perhaps . . . ?"

(Stalin was particularly proud of his shrewdness, of his ability to take a critical view and to see through flattery.)

"Yes," Abakumov said with conviction. "That's just it. About 5 per cent. Or seven."

Stalin went back to his desk and walked round it.

"My trouble is," said Abakumov, who had now regained his courage, his ears had cooled off again—"that I'm never satisfied with what I've done."

Stalin knocked his pipe against an ashtray.

"And what about the mood of the young people?"

His questions were like knives and if you cut yourself on one it was the end. If Abakumov had said the mood of the young was good, it would have been "political blindness." If he had said it was bad that would mean he "had no faith in the future."

Abakumov spread his hands, but decided to say nothing.

Without waiting for a reply Stalin said emphatically, tapping his pipe: "More attention must be paid to the young people. We must be particularly strict with young people who go wrong."

Abakumov hastily began taking notes.

Stalin was intrigued by the idea, his eyes shone with their tigerish gleam. He refilled his pipe, lit it, and again started to pace the room, saying excitedly: "You must keep a sharper eye on the mood of the students. Root them out—not singly, but in whole groups. And give them the maximum penalty allowed by law—25 years, not ten. Ten years isn't prison—it's a holiday. Ten years is all right for schoolboys, but once they start to grow whiskers, give 'em 25. They're young enough. They'll survive."

Abakumov noted it all down. The first links in a long chain were being forged.

"And we must stop turning political prisons into rest homes. Beria was telling me that people still get food parcels in political prisons."

"We'll put a stop to that," Abakumov exclaimed in a pained voice, writing it all down. "That was our mistake, Marshal. You must forgive us!"

(That really was a blunder. He should have known better.)

Stalin stood opposite Abakumov with his legs apart.

"How many times do I have to tell you? It's time you understood . . ."

There was no anger in his voice. His eyes expressed his confidence that Abakumov would grasp his point.

Abakumov could not remember a time when Stalin had spoken to him with such frank good nature. His feeling of terror vanished and his brain started functioning like that of a normal person in normal circumstances. It now seemed a suitable moment to unburden himself about one of the problems of his job which had long been rankling with him. With a gleam in his eye Abakumov said:

"We do understand, Marshal! We" (he spoke collectively for the whole Ministry) "realize what's required: The class struggle must be intensified! In that case, don't you see how much more difficult our job is now that the death penalty has been abolished? For two and a half years we've been at our wits' end because we can't officially account for the people we have to shoot, so there have to be two versions of every sentence passed. And then there's no legal way of accounting for the executioners' salaries, either, which makes a complete mess of our bookkeeping system. What's more, without the threat of the death penalty there's no effective deterrent to use against troublemakers in the labor camps. We *need* the death penalty, Marshal—give it back to us!"

Abakumov made his plea in all sincerity, placing his outstretched hand on his heart and gazing expectantly into the swarthy face of his Leader.

With a slight twitch of his bristly mustache, Stalin almost smiled.

"I know," he said, gently and understandingly. "I've been thinking about it."

It was amazing. He knew about everything, he thought of everything even before you asked him. With divine prescience he anticipated a man's every thought.

"One of these days you shall have the death penalty back again," he said pensively, staring ahead as though looking into the distant future. "It will be a useful disciplinary measure."

He had indeed thought about it. For two years now he had bitterly regretted giving way to his momentary impulse to show off to the West. In abolishing the death penalty he had betrayed his own principles—he had believed that people might not be totally corrupt and treacherous. His entire career as a statesman and military leader had been founded on the conviction that nothing—demotion, persecution, dispatch to a lunatic asylum, life imprisonment, deportation—was adequate punishment for a person once he was an avowed enemy: nothing, that is, except death—the one utterly reliable, final punishment. And whenever the lower lids of Stalin's eyes began to pucker, there was only one verdict in those eyes: death. Any lesser penalty simply did not exist in his scale of values.

As Stalin switched his gaze from the bright prospect of the future back to Abakumov, his eyes narrowed cunningly: "Aren't you afraid, though, that *you* might be one of the first to be shot?"

Spoken like a mute unstressed cadence, the word "shot" was scarcely audible, a hint so obvious that it wanted no articulation. But it made Abakumov's blood turn to ice. Stalin was standing only a little more than an arm's length away from him and watching his Minister intently to see how he took this joke. At a loss whether to sit or stand, Abakumov half rose to his feet, his knees quivering with strain as he did so.

"Marshal, I . . . if I deserve it . . . if you have to . . ."

Stalin gave him a hard, perceptive stare. He was quietly considering the thought that had inevitably crossed his

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mind about Abakumov—hadn't the time perhaps come to get rid of him? Stalin was well aware of when to make use of that most ancient of devices for winning popularity: First lash the executioners into a fury of activity, then disown them at the critical moment and punish them for an excess of zeal. He had often done this before and it had never failed. The day was bound to come when Abakumov, too, would have to suffer the same fate.

"Correct!" said Stalin, with a smile of approval as though rewarding Abakumov for his presence of mind. "When you deserve it, we'll shoot you."

Obedient to a gesture from his leader, Abakumov sat down again.

Stalin reflected for a moment, then with a warmth that the Minister had never yet heard in his voice, he said: "There will soon be plenty of work for you to do, Abakumov . . . We shall take the same measures that we took in '37. Before a great war there has to be a great purge."

"But Marshal," Abakumov protested, greatly daring, "aren't we putting enough people in prison already?"

"You don't call *this* putting people in prison, do you?" Stalin brushed the idea aside with playful irony. "Just wait until we really get started—then you'll see. And when it comes to war we'll force the pace even harder. That means more power to the security service. Budgets, salaries—I won't stint you!"

Calmly, Stalin dismissed him: "That's all for now."

Abakumov was not sure whether he was walking or floating as he returned through the anteroom to retrieve his briefcase from Poskryobyshev. As if it were not enough that he could breathe freely again for another month, did he not sense the start of a new era in his relations with the Boss? He had admittedly been threatened with the firing squad, but that, after all, had only been a joke.

The Immortal One, his imagination aroused, paced firmly up and down his study. It was as if music were rising to a crescendo within his mind, as if some huge brass band were playing a march for him.

Malcontents? So what—there always had been malcontents and always would be. However, a rapid mental survey of world history was enough to remind him that people eventually forgave and forgot bad times, or even remembered them as having been good. A whole people could be just like Queen Anne in Shakespeare's *Richard III*, their anger is short-lived, their will is not steadfast, and their memory is weak, and they would always gladly submit to the man who came out on top. He just had to live to be ninety—because his battles were not yet over, his great edifice incomplete, the times uncertain, and there was no one to take his place.

There was still a last world war to be fought and won. These Western Social Democrats had to be smoked out of their holes and finished off like rabbits—not to speak of all the other vermin around the world that had to be exterminated. Then, of course, there were all those economic problems, such as raising the productivity of labor. Only he knew the way to happiness; he had to lead people to it and shove their noses into it, like making a blind puppy drink milk.

But what then?

Bonaparte, now—he had the right idea. He didn't worry when the Jacobins yelped at him, he just proclaimed himself emperor and that was that. There was nothing wrong with the word "emperor"—it only meant "commander" or "chief"! He rather liked the sound of it—"Emperor of the Planet"! "Emperor of the World"! It was still quite in keeping with world Communism. Back and forth he paced, and the bands played.

Perhaps they might find a way, some drug perhaps, to make him immortal, if nobody else? But no, they'd be too late. Yet how could he leave the human race to its fate? And to think of the people he was leaving it to! What a mess they would make of things.

Oh well, there it was. Soon, though, engineering techniques would be more advanced and he would have bigger and better monuments built. Monumental propaganda, you might call it. He would have one put on top of Mount Kazbek and another on Elbruz so his head would always be above the clouds. Then he could die, as the Greatest of the Great, without equal in the history of the world.

Suddenly he stopped.

Yes, but suppose . . . of course he had no equals, but suppose—up there, above the clouds . . .?

He started to pace again, but more slowly now.

This was the one vague doubt that occasionally crossed Stalin's mind, though really there was no room for doubt in the matter. There were proofs for everything and all the rest of the claptrap had long been refuted. There was proof that matter could neither be created nor destroyed; there was proof that life probably began in warm seas; there was proof that the existence of Christ was unprovable; there was proof that faith-healing, visions, prophecies, telepathy, and suchlike were so many old wives' tales.

The texture of our mind and spirit, of our likes and habits, is formed in our early years, not in later life. Those childhood memories that never leave us had recently much revived in Stalin's mind. Until he was 19 he had been brought up on the Old and New Testaments, the Lives of the Saints, and church history. He had served at the altar, had sung in the choir, and had been particularly fond of Strokin's setting of *Nunc dimittis*. He could still give a faultless rendering of it. And how often during his years of church school and seminary he had kissed the ikons and gazed into the enigmatic eyes of the saints.

Even in the biography published for his seventieth birthday he had seen to it that they included the photograph as he was when he left the church school—little Josef Djugashvili in his grey cassock with its tight round collar; the lackluster oval of his boyish face, as though worn with too much prayer; the long hair of one destined for the priesthood, austerely parted, anointed with holy oil and grown down to the ears. Only the eyes and the taut brows revealed this youthful aspirant as one who might one day become an archbishop.

On Stalin's orders Abakadze, the inspector of church schools who had expelled young Djugashvili from the seminary, had been left to live out his days in peace.

When Stalin had come to the microphone on July 3, 1941, his parched throat strangled by fear and maudlin self-pity (there is no heart quite incapable of pity), it was no accident that he had blurted out the phrase "brothers and sisters." It would never have occurred to Lenin, nor to

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any of the others, to make such a slip of the tongue; but Stalin had lapsed willy-nilly into the language of his school-days.

It could well be that he had also said a silent prayer in those July days, just as an atheist might cross himself when the bombs began to fall. In recent years he had been very gratified at being mentioned in the church's prayers as the "Leader Elect of God," and this was why he had maintained the cathedral and monastery at Zagorsk from Kremlin funds. No prime minister of a foreign power was ever received by Stalin in the manner reserved for his tame, infirm old Patriarch. He always went to meet him at the outer doors and led him in by the arm. He was now thinking vaguely about finding a little estate somewhere, a country seat, that he could present to the Patriarch, just as people had once made bequests to the church for the repose of their souls.

Stalin had noticed in himself a certain attraction not only to the Orthodox Church but also to other forms and features of the old order—that order from which he himself had sprung and which for the past forty years it had been his function to destroy. In the Thirties he had resurrected for political reasons the forgotten word "motherland," which had been out of use for 15 years and which had an almost shameful ring. But as time went by he had actually grown very fond of the words "Russia" and "motherland." He had also taken a great liking to the Russian people —this people which had never betrayed him, which had gone through thick and thin for him—famine, war, labor camps; whatever the difficulties, they had calmly endured them all without a murmur. After the victory over Germany he had been quite sincere when he had praised the Russian people for being so clear-headed, so steadfast . . . and so long-suffering.

Stalin had more and more come to wish that he too might be accepted as a Russian. He even liked the sound of words reminiscent of the old days and had brought some of them back, such as the old titles of officers' ranks. He had renamed the All-Union Central Executive Committee as the "Supreme Soviet" (what a good word that was—"supreme"). In the same way he had decreed that officers should have batmen again, that boys and girls should be taught separately, that the girls should wear pinafores in school, and that their parents should pay school fees. He had also ordained that Soviet people, like all Christian folk, should have their day of rest on Sunday and not on any old day of the week; he had even introduced the sanctity of legal marriage, as under the Czar, although in his time he had suffered under this. Who cared what Engels had to say on this subject?

It had been here, in front of a mirror in this very study, that he had first tried a pair of old Russian epaulettes on his tunic and had felt a thrill of pleasure as he did so. When he came to think of it there was nothing shameful, either, about the imperial crown, that highest mark of distinction. After all, it was part of a stable order which had endured for three hundred years—where was the harm in borrowing some of its best features?

He had also brooded about other things from the past—Port Arthur, for instance. At the time, when he had been an exile on the run in Siberia, he had naturally welcomed the Russian defeat, but after the victory over Japan in 1945 he had really meant it when he had said that Russians of the older generation, like himself, had felt the surrender of Port Arthur as a terrible blow to their pride.

Ah yes, those Rusians of the older generation! Stalin sometimes thought it was no accident that it was he who had won the leadership of this country and the hearts of its people, and not one of those loud-mouthed quibblers with their little pointed beards—upstarts with no roots in the country and nothing constructive to offer.

He had them all here on his bookshelves. They were silent now—shot, ground into the soil of Siberia, poisoned, burned, killed in car accidents, driven to suicide. Confiscated, anathematized, relegated to apocryphal status, their works were all lined up on these shelves. Every night they held out their pages to him, wagged their little beards, wrung their hands, spat at him, harangued him hoarsely: "We told you so!" "This wasn't the way to do it!" That's all they were any good at—picking holes. Stalin had gathered them all together here—they helped him to work himself into a suitable angry mood at night when taking decisions.

The invisible orchestra, to whose beat he had been pacing up and down, faltered and trailed away. His legs were aching from the waist down and almost failed him, as they were lately prone to do.

The master of half the world in his generalissimo's tunic, with his low receding forehead, walked slowly past the shelves and ran his claw-like hands over the ranks of his enemies.

As he turned away from the last bookshelf, he noticed the telephone on his desk, and that something which had been eluding him all evening flickered across his mind again like the tip of a snake's tail. There was something he had meant to ask Abakumov . . . Was it about Gomulka's arrest?

Ah no! Now he remembered. He shuffled over to the desk, picked up a pen and wrote in his diary: "Scrambler." They had told him that they had the best people working on it, that there was no lack of equipment or enthusiasm, that the schedules would be met—so why wasn't it ready? That swine Abakumov had had the nerve to sit here for a whole hour and not say a word about it!

They were all like that, in the ministries—every one of them was trying to hoodwink their Leader. How could he possibly trust them? He had no choice but to work at nights.

He suddenly staggered into a chair—not his armchair but a smaller one near the desk. He felt as though some weight was forcing the left half of his head downward. He lost hold of his train of thought and stared with blurred gaze round the room, unable to make out whether the walls were near or far.

He was an old man without any friends. Nobody loved him, he believed in nothing, and he wanted nothing. He no longer even had any need of his daughter, once his favorite but now only admitted on rare holidays. Helpless fear overcame him as he sensed the dwindling memory, the failing mind. Loneliness crept over him like a paralysis.

Death had already laid its hand on him, but he would not believe it. □

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Rulers Without Power

GERHART NIEMEYER

This used to be *Principles and Heresies*: Frank Meyer's column. One feels deep diffidence in accepting an invitation to take it over; the intellect shining forth on this page was a pure and hot flame lighting things up sharply, and with stark shadows. There can be no repeat of his performance. Let the former title, then, rest with Frank Meyer's mortal remains. Its replacement derives from Hesiod's great didactic poem *Works and Days*, with the two nouns reversed to foreclose any presumptuous suggestion, while yet invoking the poet's earnest spirit as it discerned, two and a half millennia ago, beyond the troubled human city the "things which belong to thy peace."

This day let us discuss peoples and rulers. It is characteristic of a "people" to produce a "ruler" or set of rulers, with power and authority, power being the natural fruit of a people's inner unity. Today one can observe, almost everywhere in the world, rulers lacking power and people without unity. Two years ago, Peregrine Worsthorne in *The Socialist Myth* argued that a British Labor government, though it might have been returned by a decisive majority of voters, lacked the power to accomplish its purpose: the transformation of Britain into a collective society. This being an objective that required a more than usual degree of power, a Labor government would need the massive and sacrificial support of the workers, both in democratic politics and in economic production, giving the government strength to attain fundamental change. In other words, for socialism to become a reality, the workers themselves would have to undergo a moral transformation.

In actual fact, however, it turned out that the workers could not forget their habit of denigrating the state even when the state was in the hands of their own party, and that they could not rise morally above their "I'm all right, Jack" urge to carve their own niche as quickly as possible. Instead of riding a groundswell of popular enthusiasm, Wilson could do no better than slide around in the mud puddles of bureaucratic maneuvering. Worsthorne concludes that by historical necessity any Labor government would face the same deficit of support.

An American reading this in 1972 might have congratulated himself on the solid showing of an almost two-thirds majority at the polls, a "decisive mandate" not for a social transformation but for the sober managing of our traditional affairs, the spectacle of a people rallying about a down-to-earth leader. That vote, however, was merely a part of the picture and probably not the major part. For a number of years a mood of discontent and despondency had spread among us, a mood that downright forbade certain U.S. actions abroad, and at the extreme seemed opposed to almost any kind of action other than domestic. Our armed forces fell to a low esteem they had not themselves earned, to the point where the draft had to be abandoned and the U.S. had to entrust its defense to a mercenary army. The Congress seemed inclined to favor any disarmament (even unilateral), withdrawal of our troops from overseas without a quid pro quo, and in general a desire to handcuff the President in his conduct of foreign affairs. Money for arms development and for foreign aid was hard to come by. Above all, significant segments of our population demonstrated publicly their hostility to our national purpose and their disaffection from our historical existence.

The victory at the polls by itself could not bestow power on the government, given these circumstances. Some of Nixon's lieutenants, sensing great political weakness, felt driven to resort to deviousness, trickery, and manipulation in order to secure the freedom of action the government needed, particularly in foreign affairs. Watergate thus cannot be explained solely in terms of character; one must take into account the existential fears rising, like poisonous fumes, from the process of a people's decomposition. Let us be clear that in our days of highly efficient organization such a process leads not to open anarchy but to one of two results: either the dictatorial regime of a millenarian party that, maintaining the strictest doctrinal unity within its own ranks, holds the masses together by terror; or else a government consisting of "experts" rather than leaders, deriving its strength chiefly from administrative manipulation and people's material dependence on bureaucrats. Let us call the latter the rule of mandarins, and a system of administrative omnipotence a "mandarinate." In either event, where a people loses its inner unity and fails to produce ruling power, the state tends to maintain itself all the same, by methods of devious force that degrade both those who practice them and those who are the victims.

A PEOPLE'S unity centers in its worship, i.e., in what is held in highest worth among a multitude of men, what they want in common to measure up to, by what they consider their wills' striving bound. That, it seems to me, is what St. Paul meant by his words: "For there is no power but of God." Godlessness has never yet given shape to a people, least of all to Russia, which is a most Christian nation. Six hundred years before St. Paul, Heraclitus put it similarly: "For all human laws are nourished by one, which is divine." These remarks testify to a mystery of power, which is also the mystery of a people, and exists one knows not why or by what cause. But let that precious patrimony of common worth-ship slip away, and we find that with it there goes the people's capacity to bestow power on its ruler. From then on, unless it renews the sources of authority, social existence sinks into subjection to the low scheming of administrative wirepullers. □

Mr. Niemeyer teaches political science at Notre Dame University.

Deliverance

Ponticus, who promised us an Iliad,
Produced a few dry epigrams instead.

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Bourgeois Gay

I'm leaning on a Buick fender. It's half-time at Al Carmines' revue, *The Faggot*. A pair of jock gays cross the sidewalk to get my artistic insights. This happens a lot now: ever since I shaved off my beard. Leave us not pursue the implications. It's 98° F. on East Fourth Street. The city has gone into estrus. Breathing out is an act of statutory rape. Bottle caps sink into the asphalt, to be fossilized there through congealing winters. Odors combine: roach-kill and dog curbings and damp, wet structural rot. It's the Château Margaux of urban smells. Generous, full-bodied, ripe as hell.

"What'd you think?" He's a muscular gay: Powerful torso strains his net T-shirt, unwieldly in it as the miraculous draught of fishes.

"Good."

"Really? We think it's so dull." As gays, they show the Experts' Syndrome: Bad notices are obligatory. The arras weavers' guild probably panned *Hamlet*. "Take the gay-bar scene. Well, it may be poignant, I don't know. I'm not a fifty-year-old man; I don't have to scrounge. But when the New Boy in Town came on—God, I had to laugh. He wasn't believable. He spoiled the whole thing."

"I thought he sang well."

"Sing, shming. He wasn't hunky enough."

"I see. Oh, yes." I'm busy teasing my hair out in unkempt husks. I shouldn't look too attractive right now. "Yes . . . What's hunky?"

"What's hunky? Built. Developed. I couldn't believe they'd get so excited. Not for him. What did you think, George?"

"He was scrawny."

"Now the woman—the one who sang the torch song. She was super. Don't you think?"

"Okay. Yes." I shrug. "She could've been a bit more hunky herself. Now you mention it."

"Oh. I was referring to her voice. And that fascist title. *The Faggot*. Straights love that. Tourists from Peoria. The place is full of Peoria straights. It's dull, dull."

THEIR fey instincts are right on. Al Carmines is the homosexual's Uncle Tom. *The Faggot* homes in on straights: straight drama critics and straight box-office cash. Not quite the thing for B'nai B'rith theater outings, but close, close. Carmines' music is Middle American as the "Star-Spangled Banner" and a whole lot more whistleable. "Women with women, men with men," da-de dah, shuffle off to Buffalo and a one and a two. Lawrence Welk would play it, but four-letter words short out the Champagne Bubble Machine. If *The Faggot* appeals to your prurient instincts—man, I'd hate to meet you in a dark, narrow doorway.

The Faggot once-overs every cran and nookie of gay life. You get: the movie house pick-up, raincoat aproning kneecaps; the Queer; the Fag Hag, a sort of gay's moll (female); Oscar Wilde and Gertrude Stein cum consorts. It's all a mirror image of straight situation comedy; inverted but the same, *I Love Desi* with an R rating. The New Boy sings torch; businessman wakes up sharing blankets with a nameless and nubile male; mothers gossip about their gay sons' housekeeping, "This is my daughter-in-law, Edgar." Censorship intrudes: not censorship of sexual innuendos, but censorship of emotional content. Whenever a scene threatens the pleasant *No, No, Nanette* tone—bang, black out and enter chorus singing the refrain.

The theme is, well—elegiac: goodbye to an era. One character says, "You can get very attached to your secrecy." A certain desperateness has typified the gay *Zeitgeist*. All that is gone: Now it's perceptibly more shameful to be a Republican. *The Faggot* ratifies co-optation. The titillating savor of risk is diluted. Bootleggers must have felt similarly let down in 1933. And *An American Tragedy* would have had the fetus of its fiction aborted in 1973. This self-parody is the most graceful, appealing aspect of Carmines' play. The queen stamps his/her heel, a reactionary: doesn't want to be liberated. The queer cabinet member goes to his room for a night of self-abuse, singing, "I'll take my fantasy." A whole sub-society in decay: vernacular, signals, arcane ceremonies. And we talk about the death of indigenous cultures. Pale, eye-blinking, half-reluctant, gays have come out, goosed to daylight by a relativist civilization that enforces conformity in the most efficient manner: That is, it assimilates all differences.

AND, across East Fourth Street, the scabrous, feisty, midnight world of sex resists. Club 82: a coarse and surprising transvestite review. At Club 82, men wear glands the way my son wears waterwings. The bumps they grind tend to deflate after a week: wall-to-wall silicone jobs. And they are—heck, I'll say it; as will my wife—they are beautiful. Beauty greenhoused: a creation of rich manure and humidity. Waitresses vary the theme; women with crew cuts and ties and foggy voices. Order a Chivas Regal on the rocks and they give you six ice cubes, one shot of Old Camel Hair, and a four-pound swizzle stick. When you pull it out, the liquid level drops an inch. The routines are rough, lewd. They don't mean to convert or invert. They've got no ideological schtick. And as Carmines' queen says: "We are mostly chaste." Exhibi-

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Anthony Harrigan, *a longtime* NR *contributor, writes about military strategy, architecture, and then some. . . . Police closed* **David Brudnoy**'*s film extravaganza,* The Life of Bella Abzug, *when 42nd St. patrons filed complaints about the sound track.*

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tionists by nature, they exhibit. And fascinate; they give you a kind of sexual astigmatism. The obscene should be like this: secret and dark and expensive. In full daylight it crumbles like Count Dracula. Yet *The Faggot* and the gay-lib movement are generating a hard, artificial dawn of ordinariness. Maybe it's good. Maybe not. But things will never be the same again.

Militant groups mellow, grow stolid and arteriosclerotic. A month ago I played softball vs. *Ms.* Magazine. First and second basepersons. Quite my ugliest athletic experience since I lost at red rover to a pick-up team of Girl Scouts. Bitter, monotonous verbal cheap shots at one's masculinity; threats of physical violence. But be patient. Women's lib is very much a rookie movement, paranoid and graceless. Give them time. A month ago the Mattachine Society played softball against the police: good fun, mutual forbearance. Gay lib is a branch of the Establishment now. Al Carmines says so. □

ARCHAEOLOGY

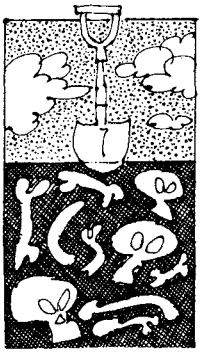
ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Zimbabwe and the Arabs

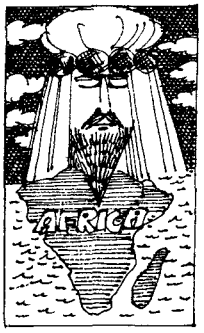
I recently visited Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia—walked through narrow passages between the high walls, admired the drystone diking of the outer walls of the temple, and climbed to the rough acropolis on a crag overlooking the temple site. There's nothing like this temple-fortress complex elsewhere in Africa. The huge structure might be in Yemen but for the surrounding msasa trees and spiky aloes, the rich foliage of Central Africa.

Zimbabwe is the most distinctive structure in sub-Saharan Africa, but it isn't African. We know that now. The early Portuguese fathers, in their exploration of the interior, soon learned of Zimbabwe and correctly guessed at least part of its purpose—an *entrepôt* for gold mined in the surrounding area. But the Portuguese accounts had been forgotten when a German geologist, Karl Mauch, visited the ruins in 1871-72. With that visit began modern interest in Zimbabwe—and myth-making about its builders. Until very recently, the myths proliferated, with everyone from the Phoenicians to African tribesmen being given credit for the temple complex. Carbon dating of timbers from Zimbabwe and other archaeological evidence, plus analysis of architectural and art themes in the structure, make clear that the main portions of the complex were built in the seventh century after Christ by Judaized Sabaeans from Southwest Arabia. Indian and even Chinese influences also touched the resulting colony-civilization termed Zimbabwean.

In terms of culture history, the recognition of the Arab role is an earth-shaking conclusion. One grasps this when one comes to understand that Zimbabwe wasn't simply an isolated structure but the temple-fortress-depot for a vast region in Central Africa. The corridor between Zimbabwe and the ocean is filled with lesser fortifications and collection points. Gold from this area undoubtedly was supplied to both the Mediterranean world and India. Geologists have found more than 75,000 ancient gold diggings in Rhodesia. To the north of the temple complex lies the extraordinary Inyanga Mountain area where agricultural terracing was carried out on a colossal scale (terracing such as one finds in Yemen) and where minor fortifications and storage places were built throughout an area of 2,500 square miles. All this archaeological evidence testifies to the former existence of an enormous mining enterprise maintained in the heart of Africa over many centuries by people from Western Asia and perhaps South Asia as well. It seems likely that the Inyanga region with its extensive water channels built of stone, which required central authority for regulation of water supplies, raised the food for the large population involved in gold mining and the movement of gold to the coast.



The latest research makes plain that Zimbabwe and Zimbabwean civilization are transplants in Africa, products of ancient colonialism. The main structures, moreover, were built long before the Bantu population moved into the area. Zimbabwe is a typical megalithic temple such as one finds around the Mediterranean in Sardinia and Malta and in the Middle East. The elliptical form, the drystone construction, the phallic towers, and the design patterns —chevron, cord, herringbone, and checkerboard—are to be found in the Temple of Awwam in Yemen, for example. The soapstone birds from the walls of Zimbabwe are similar to Carthaginian carved birds. Gold ornaments, glass beads, copper ingots, and numerous artifacts all point to the Mediterranean and West Asian origins of Zimbabwe. In nearby graves were found the skeletons of tall people unlike any Africans. The evidence has been superbly organized and documented in *The Origins of the Zimbabwean Civilization* by Professor R. Gayre (Galaxie Press, Salisbury, 1972), with excellent color plates of the ruins and artifacts plus photographs and drawings of parallel creations in Yemen and elsewhere.



ZIMBABWE, once fully understood, will make imperative a new perspective on African history and culture and on the extraordinary involvement of Asians with Africa. More than that, however, Zimbabwe provides the visitor with an emotional experience—the shock of recognition involved in discovering the physical fabric of one world intact in the midst of a distant world. When one realizes that Zimbabwe is an Arab creation, with links to older Middle East and Asian civilizations, it is as though one came across a Japanese temple in the mountains of Peru or evidence establishing a Viking presence in the heart of North America. Future study of Zimbabwean civilization is bound to expand our knowledge of the outside, Asian presence in prehistoric Africa. Not far from Zimbabwe is a cave with a painting of a woman in Arabic or Indian dress. And there is evidence of Indian settlement in the vicinity of the great lakes of Central Africa. The unexpected realities of the African past are being disclosed at long last through scientific dating and more accurate interpretation of the evidence to be found in art and architecture at Zimbabwe. □

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FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Obsessions 3

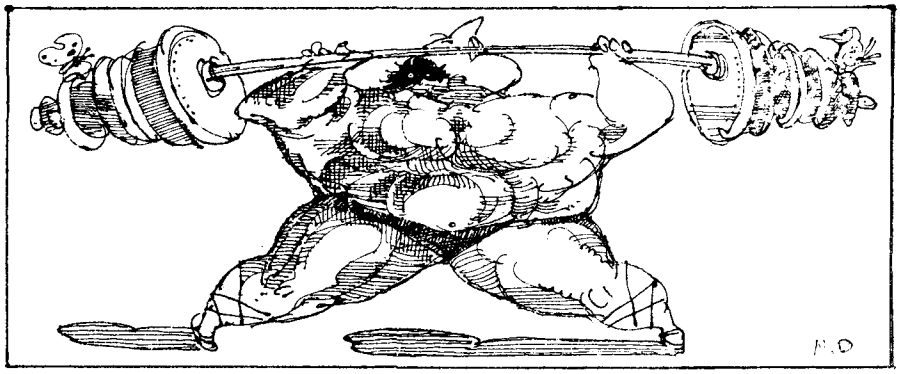
Visions of Eight is a "documentary," but not the sort that makes you want to flee the theater and return to the fetal boob tube for another re-run, Bud in hand. The wholly admirable emphasis in this beautiful, witty, resonant film is on hundreds of superb young athletes and their obsessions with performance and triumph. The Munich Olympics have been distilled here into eight vignettes, each by a master director, each assaying an aspect of the Games.

If no one else, *Visions of Eight* would command at least the attention of Olympics freaks who lack color TVs or who detest Howard Cosell and that interminable patter up with which we are obliged to put each time television covers sports. Here it's capsulized into less than two hours, focusing on the most central concerns of myriad wonderful jocks and jockettes.

The note struck by Sweden's Mai Zetterling, in her segment on "The Strongest," is that of the observer uninterested in sports per se, but fascinated by obsessions. Zetterling's weightlifters, those bison hulks, who seem so graceless, so piggie-eyed in their unimaginable bulk, so sweaty and, yes, gross, who live, we're told, only for hefting iron, meld into the overall impression, not more obsessed than the others but, to the non-sports-lover's eye, as much engaged in an outlandishly vain, truly silly endeavor. Still, in the context of the Games, they are somehow beautiful too.

Russia's Yurii Ozerov gives us "The Beginning": warm-ups, expectations of victory, or defeat, the human equivalents of trotters pawing at the gate. And it gets better. West Germany's Michael Pfleghar dotes on "The Women": We see again the Olympic sweetheart, Olga Korbut, and others of the gender once barred even from *observing* the Olympics. The Czech Milos Forman concentrates on the decathlon, that most excruciating test of fitness; Japan's Kon Ichikawa, in "The Fastest," follows those supermen of speed on track; France's Claude Lelouche documents the heartbreak of "The Losers." I thought the finest segments were Arthur Penn's and John Schlesinger's. Britain's Schlesinger studies "The Longest," the marathon runners, zeroing in on the favorite, Ron Hill of England, who finished sixth, overtaken, to his great surprise, by men whose own regimens of training evidently surpassed his. America's Penn, in the most stunning segment, dwells on "The Highest," the fabulous, fine-honed pole vaulters, bathing the viewer in slow-motion shots done with a variety of soft and sharp lens focuses. A ballet of athletic splendor.

Neither Mark Spitz's unmatched achievements nor the Games' disaster, the massacre of eleven Israelis by Arab fanatics, plays much part here. To some viewers, the former omission is fitting—Spitz, after all, has not exactly gone unheralded since Munich—and the lack of extensive treatment of the latter, an outrage. But what was tried, an awkward interspersing of a few seconds' look at the massacre, could not adequately encompass that day's horrors. Such wasn't the attempt of *Visions of Eight*, and to fault a film dwelling on the obsessions of physicality for what it does not do, misses the point entirely.



Le Sex Shop observes another form of obsession, nonstop and, so to speak, kinky sex. This running gag on sexual inventiveness and diversion from what we like to consider sexual normality is a modest yet bright gem. Written and directed by Claude Berri, *Le Sex Shop* also features its creator as the little lump of a bourgeois gentilhomme whose straight book shop is going broke. What to do? An imaginative friend—"Proust or *Positions*, it's all the same; they're both books"—proposes that with porno big, a passé *librairie* can smoothly change into a swinging emporium stocked with written and visual material, gadgets, devices, *things*, and, not unimportantly, with customers, obsessed all, seeking their level.

Our poor young chap, blessed with a lovely wife and sweet kids, is no liberated child of the sexual revolution. But business is, to be sure, and always, business, and if all of *them* enjoy It so much, why shouldn't Claude? He tries, Lord knows he tries, and even wife Isabelle (Juliet Berto) tags along on the experimental trip. A mad, wild flop—the experimentation—although le sex shop thrives gloriously. It is, I seem to recall, an X-rated flick, but it's cleverly parodic, wryly level-headed, charmingly subtle; only the most obsessed (ah-*ha*) Comstock would say it nay. Perhaps one would have liked more insight, less giggle, more variety, and less linearity, but what we've got is nice enough. For those who take their sex lives very, very seriously, *Le Sex Shop* might wound, gravely. But for those who've ever laughed in the middle, realizing the sheer ludicrousness of some things we do in bed (or at least in the bedroom), this movie about sex obsession is sauce for savoring.

Not since nearly a year ago, when Pauline Kael broke the dictionary while rummaging around for adjectives to shower on *Last Tango in Paris*, has a film been such a victim of ballyhoo, and so disappointing, as is James William Guercio's *Electra Glide in Blue*. Here the obsession (all right, so I stretch a bit) is on Getting the Criminal. *Electra* becomes a fit object for mourning as we viddy the shrimp cop (Robert Blake) struggle with the mysteries of the unsolved crime and combat his own taller compatriots' initial scorn of his capabilities—until, with determination that, one supposes, is to be admired, but that emerges as a colossal bore, he overcomes. Fight on, young idealistic men in blue, against dat ole debbil System, but not on my neighborhood screen, please. □

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BOOKS

Great Usurper

Cromwell: The Lord Protector
By Antonia Fraser
Knopf, 774 pp., $12.50

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

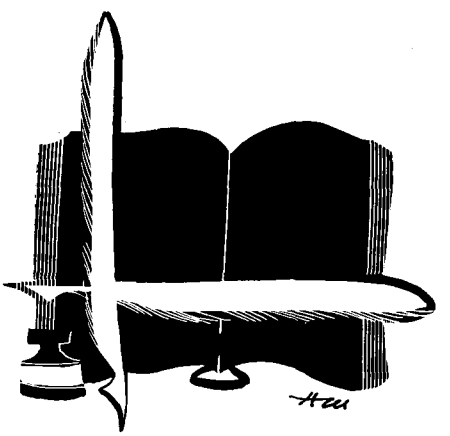
The skull of Oliver Cromwell came, quite recently, after many strange vicissitudes, into the keeping of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Beside the chapel entrance there is now an oval plaque, which reads: "Near to this place was buried on 25 March 1960 the head of OLIVER CROMWELL Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Fellow Commoner of this College 1616-17." The operative word is "near." The College authorities prudently decided that, if the exact spot were known, Cromwell's unquiet remains might again be desecrated, either by lighthearted undergraduates or by serious Royalists.

So strong are the feelings which, after three hundred years, the name of Cromwell still provokes. On the anniversary of the execution—or, as Royalists would say, the martyrdom—of Charles I, the King's statue in London is always adorned with bunches of flowers and touching messages of loyalty. There are keen Cromwellians too, though not as many.

The immediate success in Britain of Antonia Fraser's massive new biography probably owes less to these still glowing embers of ancient conflict than to its author's gossip-column reputation as a political hostess, member of the distinguished Pakenham family, glamorous mother of numerous children, and, at the same time, an industrious amateur historian. Her books are not as vivid and immensely readable as those of her mother, Elizabeth Longford, who wrote those splendid biographies of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Wellington; but *Cromwell*, like its best-selling predecessor, *Mary, Queen of Scots*, is an undoubtedly good book, deserving the respect of historians while agreeably holding the attention of ordinary readers.

THE WORLD perhaps didn't need a new life of Cromwell, but the story is perennially interesting, both for its drama and for the political issues involved. Arguably, this seventeenth-century conflict between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians was the first of our modern ideological wars. Like most revolutionaries today, Cromwell and his colleagues were horribly self-righteous, bent on remodeling their fellow citizens, so that "all things become new." But, like Lenin, Tito, and Castro, Cromwell also had to face the practical problems of power, which are apt to tarnish very quickly the idealism of successful revolutionaries.

Cromwell was, as he said himself, "by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." By upbringing he was a dedicated Puritan. At one stage, he seriously contemplated emigrating to North America. What the historical consequences might have been, if England had been spared his presence and America had acquired it, makes an intriguing subject for speculation.



He was by instinct a countryman, and his understanding of horses was important in turning him into a supreme cavalry commander. The discipline with which he checked, and redirected, his cavalry after a successful charge contributed more than any other factor to the triumph of his armies.

At the beginning of the Civil War, most of the Parliamentarians did not see themselves as revolutionaries, but rather as champions of ancient liberties which were being undermined. Gradually, however, the terrible (and, to us, familiar) impetus of events drew them toward a bloody conclusion. We find Cromwell lying at ease in one of the King's rich beds, and later, with ghoulish enthusiasm, bullying his colleagues into signing the King's death warrant. Then we get a glimpse of his—legendary, but probably authentic—coming in the night, heavily cloaked, to stand for a while beside the coffin where the King's body lay, and murmuring "Cruel necessity!"

The Irish massacres—which, like all the other misfortunes of that unhappy country, are still vividly remembered in Ireland today—were an aberration, but he cannot escape responsibility for them. He seems simply to have lost his temper.

He lost it again over the dilatoriness and selfishness of Parliament. At the head of a troop of soldiers, he burst into the House of Commons and drove out the MPs. "You have sat long enough," he thundered at them. Then, looking at the Speaker's mace, he asked: "What shall we do with this bauble? Here take it away." A wag put up a poster outside: "This House is to be Lett; now unfurnished." Nobody except the MPs themselves minded in the least. "There was not so much as the barking of a dog," wrote Cromwell later, "or any general or visible repining at it."

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He was faced with the problem, which must follow every triumphant revolution, of how to legitimize the new government. Much consideration was given to the possibility of crowning Oliver Cromwell king. Eventually he declined, and became, instead, "His Highness the Lord Protector," with many of the trappings of kingship. He maintained his power, Antonia Fraser says, "by means which Charles I would have been delighted to use, if he had had them at his disposal, in the cause of what Cromwell had then termed arbitrary tyranny." But Cromwell believed that whatever he did was sanctioned by God, just as modern revolutionaries believe their cruelty and tyranny to be sanctioned and legitimized by "the will of the People."

WHEN the monarchy was restored after Cromwell's death, and King Charles II returned from exile, England went wild with joy. Perhaps the same thing would happen in Russia now, if the Czar were restored. The central issue of the whole affair was put succinctly by Charles I on the scaffold. "For the people," he said, "truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whatsoever; but I must tell you that their liberty and freedom consists in having those laws by which their lives and goods may be most their own. It is not in their having a share in the government . . ." This, surely, is one of the central issues of our day too, the heart of all the arguments about "participation" and "colonialism."

As for Cromwell himself, perhaps the best that can be said about him—and, actually, it's no small thing—is what might be said of Napoleon, that he helped to save his country from the evil consequences of the revolution he helped to cause. Or, as a hostile contemporary felt obliged to admit, Oliver Cromwell, because he had much natural greatness, "well became the place he had usurped." □

Anthony Lejeune *is* NR*'s London correspondent. . . .* **Robert K. Faulkner** *teaches political philosophy at Boston College. . . .* **Edward Luttwak** *is a freelance writer living in Washington. . . .* **Morton A. Kaplan***'s new book* On Freedom and Dignity *was reviewed in the last issue of* NR. *. . .* **Ronald de Feo** *frequently reviews fiction for this and other magazines.*

The Vision of Politics on the Eve of the Reformation: More, Machiavelli, and Seyssel
By J. H. Hexter
Basic Books, 243 pp., $8.50

CLOUDED VISION

ROBERT K. FAULKNER

J. H. Hexter has opened up a marvelous subject and then obscured much that he might have illuminated. He sets *The Prince*'s arguments for amoral political realism against *Utopia*'s case for "utopian" justice, and pits against both the principles of a practical statesman who sought the morally and politically best that his circumstances might allow. Such a debate is a "natural" at any time and especially in our time, when similar views on right and might are live political alternatives.

Most readers know of the little classics of Machiavelli and More; few know Claude de Seyssel's *La Monarchie de France*. Hexter's last and best chapter does a useful service in showing that Seyssel's task in the sixteenth-century France of Francis I was similar to *The Federalist*'s in 1788-89: He coaxed his country's more or less dominant power toward less dominance, toward the constitutional institutions of a more moderate and mixed regime.

As *The Federalist* sought a kind of democratic republic, Seyssel worked toward a kind of monarchical republic. He is shown to be like the "visionaries" Machiavelli and More, and unlike typical medieval writers on the duties of kings, in grasping the importance of mixed rule and power. St. Thomas More, however, had despised the worldly show, and rank exploitation, that accompanied the power in his time of nobles and kings; he was led, Hexter says, to visualize unheard of arrangements that might assure true Christian justice. Machiavelli had simply shoved aside, for the sake of worldly success, the West's traditional aspirations for virtue, piety, and justice. Seyssel followed a middle path after the manner of Aristotle's *Politics*. Forgoing the "fantasy" of More and the "wickedness" of Machiavelli, he sought what Hexter inadequately calls a "normal" politics, one practical as well as honorable and just.

Unfortunately, this short work begins to be adequate to its subject only in the concluding discussion of the great debate and the more obvious Seyssel. Hexter is a Yale historian of spirit and wit. He has done good work elsewhere in urbanely puncturing the myth of "the rising middle class" in seventeenth-century England and, in general, mythical if still fashionable explanations by supposedly inevitable historical processes. He has written on the historian's craft and is co-editor of the Yale edition of More's works. Yet this is a rather bad book, worst on More.

Most of its faults are owing to Hexter's excessive professional preoccupation with historical "age" and circumstance, to the neglect of his authors' intent and thought. An enormous chapter on *Utopia*'s "milieu" takes over half the book. Yet Hexter finds no time to simply outline and consider the various Utopian institutions and the order and manner of their presentation, precisely the procedure so useful as he considers Seyssel's *De la Monarchie*. The results are predictable.

HEXTER'S involved speculations as to "influences" past and future, and his hasty characterizations of morals, politics, and religion, become poor substitutes for instructive clarification of More's own reflections, which were both deeper and more elusive. The complex and ironic *Utopia* is flattened into an intense but blinding "vision," preoccupied with the communism of property that will permit Christ's will to govern; Christ's will is flattened into the prescription of a "way of life" finally summed up as "equality is justice." More's explicit and unvisionary doubts as to Utopia's possibility have to be weakly explained away; the quiet but finally supreme authority of priests is simply neglected; More's elaboration of the Utopians' remarkable mixture of philosophic hedonism with religion is almost as simply dismissed.

On *The Prince* Hexter is instructive to a point. He makes a sort of pedantically "microscopic" foray in linguistic analysis, deducing from Machiavelli's usage of "*lo stato*" and "*virtù*" the work's "predatory" character. The traditional rights and duties of honorable status or office disappear in favor of a

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *Drugs at My Door Step* is Art Linkletter's account of his daughter's tragic death (Word, $5.95). . . . *William Howard Taft: A Conservative's Conception of the Presidency* is a study by Donald F. Anderson (Cornell, $15). . . . Karl Brown was a studio errand boy when he began his *Adventures with D. W. Griffith* (Farrar, $10). . . . Did you know that Agatha Christie writes *Poems* (Dodd, Mead, $5.95)? She also has a new whodunit for the same house, *The Postern of Fate* (Nov., $6.95). . . . Leon Phillips' *The First Lady of America* is about Pocahontas, not Pat (Westover, $8.95). . . . Leonard Katz's *Uncle Frank* is a life of Frank Costello, natch (Drake, $7.95). . . . Charles R. Ashman salutes *The Finest Judges Money Can Buy!*, somehow fits them into one volume (Nash, $7.95). . . . Former *NR* staffer Ferdinand Mount surveys *The Theatre of Politics* (Schocken, $7.95).

Robert C. Tucker follow *Stalin as Revolutionary* to 1929 (Norton, $12.95). . . . *To Be a Congressman* has contributions by members and their wives (Acropolis, $8.95; paper, $4.50). . . . George Macdonald inspired Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, and Charles Williams. Now Glenn Sadler collects all his fiction in two boxed volumes, *The Gifts of the Christ Child*, for Eerdmans ($14.95; paper, $7.95). . . . Pete Hamill expands his *New York* Magazine article into *The Gift: A Memory of the Fifties* (Random, $4.95). . . . Still writing, Thornton Wilder has a new novel of the Twenties, *Theophilus North* (Harper, $7.95).

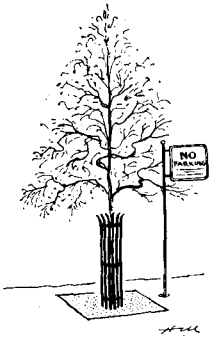
■ FALL POETRY: Verse fanciers enjoy a garden of delights this season: Diane Wakoski's *Dancing on the Grave of a Son of a Bitch*, Gino Clay Sky's *Sweet Ass'd Angels, Pilgrims & Boogie Woogies*, Natalie S. Robins' *The Peas Belong on the Eye Level*, Dennis Brutus' *A Simple Lust* —and Daniel Berrigan's *Prison Poems*.

■ PAPERBACKS JUST OUT: British historian Barry Leach has some good words for *The German General Staff* (Ballantine, $1). . . . Two boxed sets from Dell: Carl Sandburg's three-volume *Abraham Lincoln* ($2.95) and all four *Pooh* volumes ($3.40). . . . Oliver Pilat is friendly to *Drew Pearson* (Pocket, $1.50). . . . Then there's the inevitable *Quotations from Chairman Sam: The Wit and Wisdom of Senator Sam Ervin* (Harper, $1.25). . . . *Martha: The Mouth That Roared* is a life of Mrs. Mitchell by Charles Ashman and Sheldon Engelmayer (Berkeley, $1.25).

■ DE SADE LIVES! His apostles: Gerald and Caroline Greene. Their ineffably modern book: *S-M: The Last Taboo*. The publisher: who but Grove Press? Puffs Grove: "The first book to present the case for sadomaschochism [*sic*] as part of a healthy imaginative love between consenting adults."

man's own domination; morality is reduced to "moxie." Simple but useful, especially to those who tediously allege Machiavelli to be just another part of one "Renaissance humanism" or "Reformation individualism."

Yet Hexter could have done so much more. To illuminate the Machiavellian meanings, one must illuminate the Machiavellian intention. Hexter does this but glancingly and sporadically. No comprehensive account is given of *Prince* or *Discourses* nor of their startling prefaces. Again the results are predictable. Hexter dwells on an important difference between "*lo stato*" and our modern "state." He misses, however, the seminal similarity between the modern state and Machiavelli's preoccupation with effective political instruments. He constructs embarrassing cobwebs from More to Marx and "the future." He misses, however, the solid bridges from Machiavelli to Hobbes, planner of the "sovereign," "representative" state, and especially to Francis Bacon, planner of future-oriented and realistic utopianism, of humanitarian progress preoccupied with effective technological instruments.



ONE CANNOT write even a history of great political thoughts, it seems, without trying to understand them according to their author's intention—and hence as if they might be true and as elusive and difficult as truth. To be historical in such matters must one not be philosophic? One cannot but see that Hexter is restless in his fetters. Yet one cannot but say that he rises too little and too late from his tour of the "visions" and "normalcy" and an "age" to his great subject, three profound political alternatives from which thoughtful men in our perplexed age might learn. □

The Coming Crisis in Israel: Private Faith and Public Policy
By Norman L. Zucker
MIT Press, 282 pp., $10

"THEOPOLITICS"

EDWARD LUTTWAK

Faced with this carefully researched and utterly uninspired product of U.S.-style political science, one can only exclaim *profana simplicitas*! Like a significant minority of Israelis, Professor Zucker dislikes the fact that there are religious parties in Israel and that they try to influence policy in things great and little, as political parties are wont to do. With only the faintest undertones of indignation, Professor Zucker surveys Israeli public life sector by sector, tracing the pervasive effects of the "theopolitics" of the religious bloc.

THE TWO main religious parties, the National Religious Party (NRP), which is both Zionist and religiously Orthodox, and the smaller *Agudat Israel*, which is much more Orthodox than Zionist, share the aim of aligning public law and practice with the many dictates of the Jewish religion in its Orthodox interpretation. This covers virtually every aspect of Israeli life, since the religion is holistic while the public sector embraces much of the economy.

Part of every ruling coalition since 1948, the NRP has a great deal of direct leverage on policy because the majority partner, the Labor Party, needs the NRP vote in Parliament, and makes suitable concessions in shaping the coalition platform.

Agudat Israel has generally remained in opposition, but its influence is still significant since the NRP cannot stray too far from Orthodoxy for fear of losing its following to the smaller party. Headed by traditionalist rabbis, the *Agudat Israel* brings a touch of color to the Israeli parliament as well as a constant reminder that the only constitutional basis of the state, modern and collectivistic though it is, remains the Bible.

The effects of "theopolitics," as Professor Zucker calls them, on Israeli life are to be seen in the total suspension of public transport and all other nonvital public services from Friday sundown to Saturday night; in the religious

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teaching to be found in most schools; in the Army, where kosher cooking is compulsory even in the trenches; and, above all, in civil law regarding personal status. In Israel there is neither civil marriage nor civil divorce, both being a religious monopoly with Jewish, Moslem, Christian, and Druze authorities for the purpose.

The most notorious manifestation of religious influence has been the exclusively religious definition of personal status, which precipitated the "Who is a Jew?" controversy.

Rare but much-publicized cases of mixed marriage and conversion have come before both civil and religious courts. Specifically, there have been instances of Israelis born of unconverted Gentile mothers, who having lived as Israelis all their lives, are denied marriage licenses *as Jews*, unless they undergo conversion first. Some unhappiness and many absurdities have resulted, and Professor Zucker gives a rundown of some of the more bizarre cases.

The one thing that is not stressed in this book is that the religious parties are in business because, for many Israelis, religion remains the *salient* dimension of life. In wisdom or in ignorance, 14.7 per cent of the electorate (in 1969; the number has been fluctuating upward) place the claims of religion above those of economic and all other interests in casting their vote.

In the pluralist Israeli system, Arab nationalists, anti-state Communists, and Zionist parties of the Left and Right provide the proportionally represented voter with a wide choice of alternatives. Professor Zucker admits the legitimacy of all parties except the religious ones. He takes it for granted that all beliefs, from total collectivism to laissez faire, from territorial expansionism to anti-Zionism, may be expressed in political life, but that religious belief should not.

The separation of church and state may be a hallowed tradition of American life. Indian pseudosecularism may have a certain cachet among those who are unaware of the actualities of Indian life. But Israel is nothing if not a Jewish state, and the adjective is accepted as denoting a religious affiliation. It is the Israeli voter who has actualized this by voting for religious parties and for the Labor Party, which, though secular in itself, has been the indispensable vehicle of religious influence by bringing the NRP into every coalition since the birth of the state.

Actually, the genuine problem of "theopolitics" in the Middle East, if there is one, is not the persistence of religious influence in politics but its decline. The nationalists praise the nation (i.e., themselves) for any accomplishments, and blame their failures and defeats on foreign malevolence; the religious praise God for any successes and blame their own sins for any failures. If the language and content of Arab politics has degenerated into xenophobic vituperation and is without sober self-appraisal and self-criticism, this is connected with the fact that Islam has long been in a state of secular decline.

If the centrality of essentially socio-ethical issues in Israeli politics has withstood the pressures of war and affluence, this is not unrelated to the fact that religious sentiments are still manifest in all aspects of Israeli life, including politics. Professor Zucker's uncritical imposition of inappropriate American premises on the Israeli context does not, however, render his work any less useful as a source book or narrative. He has been ill-served by the MIT Press: This book, expensive for 270 pages of large-type text, is shoddily printed and inelegantly paginated. □

The Coming of Post-Industrial Society: A Venture in Social Forecasting
By Daniel Bell
Basic Books, 528 pp., $12.50

A FOREST WORTH EXPLORING

MORTON A. KAPLAN

Daniel Bell's new book is like a forest; it contains innumerable trees, bushes, and heavy grass. However, the average reader will have great difficulty in finding the forest in the welter of the shrubbery. Although the jacket blurb for the book tells us that Professor Bell "demonstrates . . . an important new principle, 'the codification of theoretical knowledge,' which now shapes innovation in science, technology, and social policy," neither this nor his appropriate emphasis on social, political, and economic forecasting will fall with a thud on the modern consciousness.

Professor Bell does say wise things about the particular topics he discusses. He is certainly one of a small number of intellectuals who noticed very early that the post-World War II world was different in significant ways from the world that preceded it. However, Professor Bell is embattled on so many fronts in this book that his vision of the future, as distinguished from our knowledge of the past, lacks that type of crystalline clarity that enhances a significant understanding of this difference.

The difference between the industrial and the post-industrial world does not lie merely in the development of theoretical knowledge, for the great theoretical developments in physical science occurred primarily during the period of the industrial world. Obviously the computer, a largely post-World War II development, plays a significant role in these changes, as do major improvements in logistics and communications, and theory developments closely related to the latter. Professor Bell may overestimate the extent to which computers are useful for solving problems, as in his discussion of the Forrester models, where he may not be sufficiently aware of the difficulty of understanding whether a computer "mimics" reality for reasons relevant to that reality or for reasons that are artifacts of the particular model employed.

BUT THE general phenomenon of the rise of the intelligentsia as the new ruling class is one that I am sure he would agree has been widely understood by numerous intellectuals for at least twenty years. Professor Bell himself provides extensive information about the extent to which the rise of different types of managerial and professional elites as important forces in society was already foreseen by such writers as Trotsky and Burnham.

Whether or not one accepts Professor Bell's axiological conceptions, his understanding of the social framework within which the information component operates is far more complex and subtle than that held by the earlier writers, who, as he demonstrates, were simplifiers. He recognizes the multiplex-

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ity of the social system and the extent to which conscious choices by political figures can control the manifestations of the new knowledge industry. He recognizes the similarities in institutions that are emerging in Russia, Japan, and Western Europe with respect to these matters, but does not make the mistake of the convergence theorists in believing that only one form of political organization or of cultural content is consistent with this development.

BELL HAS much to say about the respects in which Marxist theory has failed to account for developments in the modern world. He points usefully to the discussions of this problem among classical Marxists, modern writers in Eastern Europe, and Western European Socialist intellectuals. He skillfully details the irony that the Socialist state subordinates the worker to an elite—and produces a new ruling class in possession of post-industrial means of social control. But the book tells the reader far more about this subject than he needs to know for the point that Bell is making, far less than he needs to know to become an expert on the subject, and, although displaying the brilliance of the salon, it is likely to bewilder the reader.

This is true of topic after topic in the book. There is a treatise on the sociology of knowledge. There is another treatise on the transition of the economy from one that produces goods to one that primarily produces services. Still another long treatise provides us with a vast number of details on the dimensions of knowledge and of technology.

Although it would be impossible for any single writer to write on the variety of topics Bell has covered with a sure touch on every subject, the level of skill and intelligence is extraordinarily high. Bell is no John Kenneth Galbraith. He writes not witty but meaty sentences. He indulges not in sarcasm but in incisive critiques of weaker minds. But somehow the scope, the knowledgeability, the intelligence, the incisiveness, and even the originality of the mind do not result in the clarity of vision that communicates to others a startling new way of perceiving reality that constitutes a lasting intellectual contribution.

Perhaps Bell would argue that my critique fails to relate to the reality about which he writes. Perhaps he would say that his multifaceted approach to sociological and political reality precludes those striking new insights that have in the past formed the intellectual understanding even of such major figures as Marx and surely of such minor figures as C. Wright Mills, let alone boobs such as Ardrey, Toffler, Galbraith, and Charles Reich.

Have I criticized Bell for failing to possess the defect that he self-consciously avoided? The reader will have to judge this for himself. There are not more than a handful of books in the social sciences in any one year that can be called important, and this is surely one of them. □

FICTION

The Fatal Gift
By Alec Waugh
Farrar, 314 pp., $6.95

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

RONALD DE FEO

Alec Waugh is the author of over forty books, perhaps the best known of which in this country are the novel *Island in the Sun* and the memoir *My Brother Evelyn*, and he can justly be described as an old pro.

Sometimes it is pleasant to be in the company of a professional and watch him gracefully go through his paces. At other times the experience can be a chore, for his routine appears mechanical and tired—he is performing by habit, his material doesn't stimulate him but he is dedicated to the principle that the show must go on, inspired or not. Reading *The Fatal Gift* is not exactly a chore, for the book is literate and sophisticated enough to hold the reader for at least some of the way, but it is not a pleasure either, for one strongly detects a forced, somewhat false effort on the part of the writer.

Mr. Waugh, narrating in the first person as Alec Waugh and pretending to be a friend of his protagonist, traces the story of handsome, charming Raymond Peronne, the second son of an English peer, focusing on his days at Oxford in the Twenties, his brief fling with novel-writing, adventures with various women, marriage and divorce, experiences during the war, and finally, his retreat to the West Indian island of Dominica, which has always been more of a home to him than his native England.

Raymond is a man who refuses to open the door when opportunity knocks. Considered a man most likely to succeed, he consistently disappoints friends and relatives as he allows the world to pass him by. His fate, after awhile, becomes fairly predictable, and although acquaintances continue to expect an exciting future for him, the reader does not. One of Mr. Waugh's chief problems is that he is unable to make Raymond the elusive, striking man so many people, particularly the worshiping narrator, find so utterly fascinating. We are told, ad nauseam, that Raymond is unique and stimulating, but all we see is a wealthy, rather colorless individual who travels back and forth to his island in the sun whenever the spirit so moves him. The narrator and various characters keep saying that they don't understand him. We not only don't understand him, we don't care if we don't understand him. That there may be nothing to understand is another matter. To borrow from Miss Bankhead, there may be less here than meets the eye.

THAT Raymond is forever talked about points to another of the novel's problems: All the "drama" is offstage, we hardly see the protagonist in action. Consequently, Raymond remains far removed from us. He is not so much enigmatic as he is absent. The narrator — Mr. Waugh or Mr. Waugh's persona — travels the world and conveniently encounters people who know of Raymond. Small world. Sometimes he even bumps into Raymond. Smaller world still. Mr. Waugh's digressions concerning the English literary world of the Twenties, his references to actual people like Evelyn Waugh, Robin Maugham, Michael Arlen, and Oswald Mosley, are often more interesting than the subject at hand (they are certainly more authentic), and one wishes the author had written another volume of memoirs instead of this novel.

The narrator becomes just as much of a character as Raymond, and we are curious to know what makes him tick.

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The Fall of the American University

By Adam Ulam

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But, unfortunately, we never learn. Mr. Waugh does try to "explain" Raymond by detailing a series of early aunt-nephew let's-play-doctor sessions. The pop-psychologizing is embarrassingly pat, but the author records the traumatic experiences energetically, seemingly stimulated at last by his subject matter.

A dedicated professional by the name of Henry James once wrote a haunting story entitled "The Beast in the Jungle" about a man who waits all his life for the wonderful fruits of tomorrow. The story touches us, in part, because the protagonist, although frighteningly passive, is a recognizable and fairly complex human being. Mr. Waugh's Raymond is similarly passive, but he lacks density, and as a result comes across as shallow and unsympathetic. Professionalism is to be admired, but when exercised too casually it can seem like a fatal gift. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NANCY, *by Christopher Sykes (Harper, 543 pp., $10).* Nancy Astor, in her heyday, was probably one of the half-dozen most famous women in the world—not so much for anything she did as for the spitfire vigor of her personality. This kind of fame, being so transient and intangible, renders a biographer's task peculiarly challenging. Christopher Sykes, as one would expect from a very experienced and sophisticated observer of twentieth-century history, has done the job most capably, although without much sparkle. Lady Astor's character and prejudices were formed largely by her childhood and youth in Virginia. (Her sister became the celebrated "Gibson Girl.") But it was her marriage to Waldorf Astor in 1906, and the position which it brought her in British political and literary society, that made her famous. She maintained turbulent relationships with George Bernard Shaw, T. E. Lawrence, Hilaire Belloc, Asquith, Winston Churchill; was for 25 years a member of Parliament; spoke loudly in favor of women's rights and against alcohol; practiced Christian Science and annoyed Stalin. The "Cliveden Set"—the politicians and journalists who gathered at the Astor's great country house—was supposed, in left-wing mythology, to have been a powerful influence toward appeasement during the 1930s. Such stories, however untrue, became ineradicable. As Mr. Sykes says: "Legends are toys. It is no use telling a child that his golliwog is only a piece of stuffed cloth. He loves his golly, and if anyone tries to take it away, he screams." Nancy Astor had many opponents, but among those who

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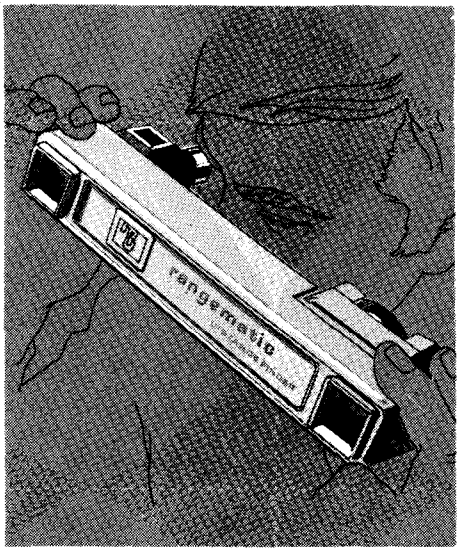

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knew her personally almost no enemies. She had a tart wit and a rough tongue: She could be wrong-headed, certainly, but (as this reviewer can testify) she was the most loyal and fearless of friends. And she added color to her time. A. LEJEUNE

AT THE RED SUMMIT: *Interpreter behind the Iron Curtain, by Erwin Weit, trans. Mary Schofield (Macmillan, 226 pp., $6.95).* According to Erwin Weit, who served for years as his personal interpreter, Wladyslaw Gomulka's efforts to "humanize" Communism in Poland turned out to be the biggest Polish Joke of all time. Weit, a perceptive observer whose memoir first appeared in a West German edition in 1970 shortly after his exit from Poland, gives us a detailed, depressing chronicle of the crumbling of Gomulka's good intentions and a brace of portraits of high- and middle-level Party functionaries in the various puppet states of Eastern Europe. His view of Walter Ulbricht, perhaps the most cunning of the satellite leaders, and Gomulka's adept sparring partner, is particularly useful, and Mr. Weit's sensitivity and occasional humorous insights make for a readable as well as an informative work. An undercurrent—half encouraging, half depressing—that runs throughout the book is the tenacious clinging of the average Pole to traditional cultural and spiritual values. It is encouraging in that it illustrates the durability of such values in the face of Communism, depressing in that the Poles and other satellite peoples seem more abandoned to their captors today than ever. This, in turn, has led to a tendency to grab at straws. Thus, for example, when Anastas Mikoyan paid a brief visit to the Church of Our Lady in the market place of Cracow, "he immediately won over many of the citizens. . . ." Cold comfort, but perhaps the best to be expected in the wake of detente.

A. BAKSHIAN JR.

THE INSTITUTIONAL IMPERATIVE: *How to Understand the United States Government and Other Bulky Objects, by Robert N. Kharasch (Charterhouse, 258 pp., $7.95).* Parkinson he isn't—the satire wants deftness, and much of the serious analysis is audaciously simplistic—but Robert Kharasch knows the Washington bureaucracy, and he knows folly when he sees it, which this book argues spiritedly is the same thing. The iron rule of the Institutional Imperative—"Every action or decision of an institution must be intended to keep the institutional machinery working"—and the whole body of axioms, laws, and corollaries which Kharasch derives therefrom in this not quite straight-faced treatise, are a bit too flip to be called scientific, yet far too true to be laughed off by anyone who has ever tangled with big government, big defense, big business, big foundations, big politics (whether CREEP or COPE), or big righteousness (Naderism, SCLC, Senator Sam's circus, Archie

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Cox's army, et al.). Undeniably, human institutions of all sorts do have an insidious way of running those who think they're running them, and this admittedly crude attempt to codify the "laws" of that phenomenon is more than just an amusement—I'd venture to call it a public service. Though Kharasch is a liberal at heart, as witness the special fire in his eye on topics like Mylai, Ellsberg, and nuclear testing, he is also a man of intellectual integrity who follows the logic of his insights wherever it leads, sparing no sacred cows, left or right. In all, the book is a first-rate primer and action manual for Americans seeking to defend individual values against the momentum of institutional mass mentality. J. K. ANDREWS JR.

HOLY MAN: FATHER DAMIEN OF MOLOKAI, *by Gavan Daws (Harper, 304 pp., $8.95).* This is the first adequate account by an independent scholar about Joseph de Veuster, whose beatification is being considered by the Holy See. As a farm boy in Belgium, he would forgo sleep in order to nurse a sick cow for a widow neighbor. Enrolled in the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, he studied at Louvain and Paris. Prior to ordination, he was posted to Hawaii. Touched by the "awful spiritual and physical misery" of lepers, he volunteered a ministry to "the most abandoned of mankind." He tried to be a medico as well as a priest. Certainly, he labored with competence as a carpenter, mason, kitchen gardener, livestock raiser, gravedigger, and tireless provider for orphans, incurables, and the poor, regardless of religious affiliation. Such an apostolate indicated the aptness of his name in religion, inspired as he was by Damien, an early Christian physician-martyr. Damien's martyrdom was leprosy. World renown ensued when a Reverend Dr. Charles McEwen Hyde claimed that the missionary's disease was the result of sexual intercourse. Whereupon Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a rebuttal whose echoes resound in the twentieth century. But Gavan Daws succeeds in a role that was impossible for Stevenson. The author not only examines the clinical evidence in the case, but also shows that the accusation was based upon a nolle-prossed charge against an entirely different priest whose name was Fabien, not Damien. Daws adds, however, that Damien impressed neither his colleagues nor his superiors as a saint. Undeniably, he was "stubborn, coarse, unmindful of hygiene" and, on occasion, forgetful of canon law. Nevertheless, wherever he worked, he attracted attention; excited sympathy; stirred up the press. Among his most generous benefactors were clergymen and communicants of the Church of England. In their eyes and those of Brother Joseph Dutton, his most devoted co-worker, the faults, failures, and shortcomings were all "consumed like straws in the fire of Damien's charity."

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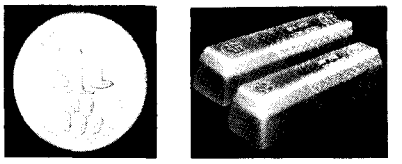

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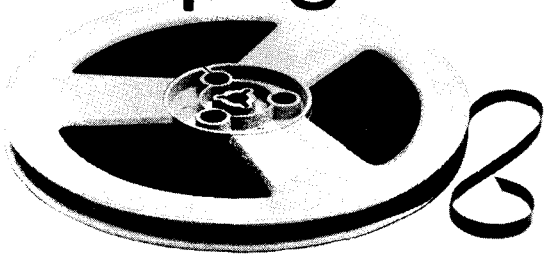

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COLLECT MILITARY MEDALS. List 25¢. Vernon, Box 387NR, Baldwin, N.Y. 11510.

CUSTOM PRINTED social-professional stationery with real character. Sampler-catalogue 25¢. Jacques, Box 395-R, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. Send sample and $10 to Elisabeth King, 41 East 29th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

The Kerygmatic Church is a tiny Christian church being started by an Air Force sergeant whose rejection of the Trinity forced him to leave one of the established churches. Orientation: to the mystical path, the way of friendship with God in the footsteps of Jesus and other mystics. Write for information. Sgt. Robert Powell, Box 3607, Holloman AFB, N.M. 88330.

HOW INTELLIGENT ARE YOU? Self-scoring test reveals I.Q. in 45 minutes! Only $2.00. Ljunghammar Sayer Associates, 2132 North 122nd Street, Seattle, Wash. 98133.

FRIENDSHIP STUDY. Author working on book seeks men/women to answer questionnaire. Anonymity guaranteed. Please write for questionnaire and return envelope. Brenton, 314 West 77th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

AUTOMATIC BATTERY CHARGERS—$12.95 ppd. Rugged "Schauer" model HR2012C. Ends your 12-volt battery headaches once and for all! Time-proven. Charges AUTOMATICALLY. When battery fully charged, the charge rate shuts off. When it needs additional charging your trusty "Schauer" turns back on automatically! Ideal for cars, boats, trailers, etc. One-Year Guarantee. Send cash, check or M.O. to CUSTOM PRODUCTS, 107 E. Calhoun, Magnolia, Ark. 71753.

"YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS LOVE TOO" Tee-shirts. White shirt has red/blue lettering. Adult's S/M/L; $3.50. Children's S (2-4), M (6-8), L (10-12), XL (14-16), $3.00. White River Company, 35 Bellevue, Elmwood Park, N.J. 07407.

MALE PATTERN BALDNESS OVERCOME. 4 methods, each grew new hair. Loss Stopped. Color restored. Money back guarantee. $1.50. The Ostrom Report-3, 3720 Royal Crest, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[JOHN] DEVANEY, *Preface:*

The World Series

The way it was . . . when it was World Series time—a time for America to slow down and turn to an electric scoreboard outside a newspaper office, . . . cock an ear toward a radio, . . . peer at a television set, and find the answer to a question asked a million or more times each October: "Who's winning?"

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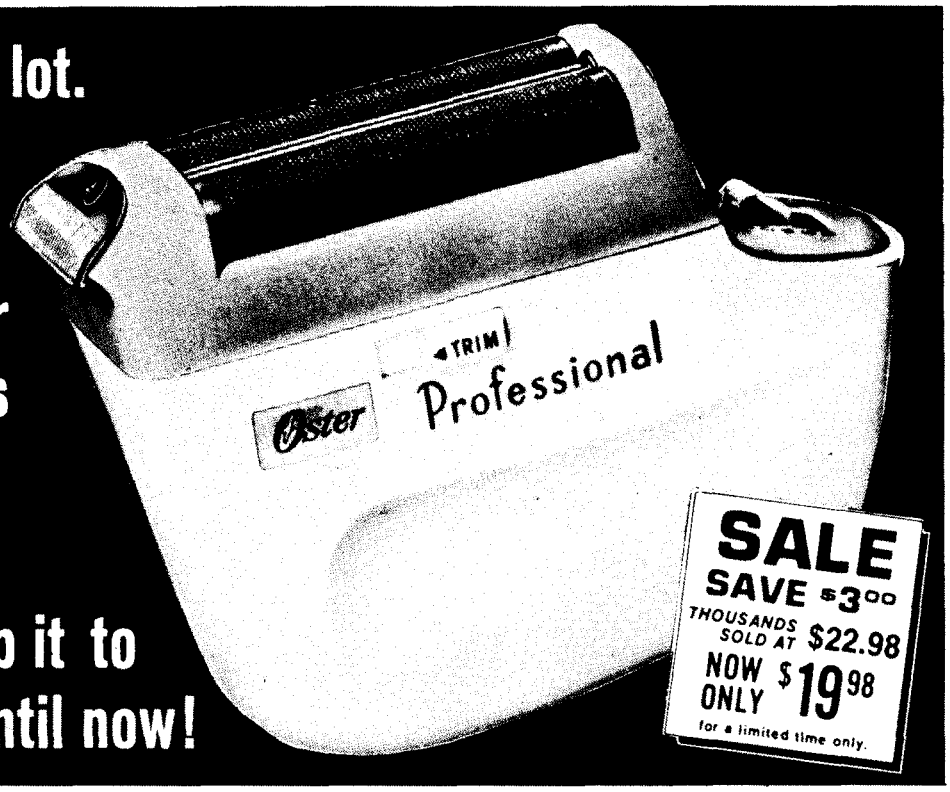
Barbers talk a lot. Except when they find an electric shaver that outshaves a hand-honed straight razor. Then they keep it to themselves. Until now!



A barber gets $1.50 plus tip for a shave with his electric razor. For years he's kept the brand name hidden with adhesive tape.

Can you rightly blame him? For this professional instrument outshaves his hand-honed straight razor! You won't find it in stores. It's been a secret weapon of master barbers for years. It delivers a barber-close shave that lasts all day long. It does it faster and with less chance of irritation than a straight razor. That's why barbers use it on the toughest beards and the most sensitive skin.

Now the secret is out. A blabbermouthed barber talked. We have it. The Oster Professional Electric Shaver.

Contoured Head— Like a Barber's Fingers

The design is a barber's dream. Technically, the shaving head design is called a "double arch contour," because it sets up whiskers just like a barber does with his fingers. It means you get every whisker at one pass—as clean as if you had drawn a hand-honed, surgically sharp, straight razor over your face.

4,000 Comb Traps— 152 Surgical Steel Edges

Four thousand comb-like perforations trap each whisker right at the skin line. Powerful 120-volt, 60-cycle motor drives the 152 surgical-sharp cutting edges to make the toughest beard disappear magically—without the slightest irritation to even the most sensitive skin.

So Powerful, Whiskers Turn to Dust!

Open an ordinary electric shaver and you'll find bits and pieces of whisker. That's because these run-of-the-mill shavers hack and chop your beard. But the Oster Professional Electric Shaver operates at nearly twice the speed—on ordinary household AC current—and actually pulverizes whiskers into fine microscopic dust.

Separate Trimmer Other Great Features

No expense was spared to make the Oster Professional Shaver to rigid, master-barber specifications. Motor-driven trimmer operates independently to trim moustaches and sideburns straight and neat for today's new "styled" look. The high-impact plastic housing is sculpted to fit your hand effortlessly. Removable stainless steel head rinses clean under running water. On-off switch, plus separate switch to operate trimmer. The specially counter-balanced drive gives you a smooth, vibration-free shave, and won't cause radio or TV interference.

It all adds up to an amazing shaving experience. An electric shave that makes your face come cleaner than a hand-honed surgical steel barber's straight razor – and in a lot less time.

Expecting a hefty price tag? Forget it! The Oster Professional shaver was designed for barbers who don't go for expensive, unneeded frills. The price is regularly only $22.98, complete with carrying case – containing separate cord storage, cleaning brush and head cover. And now, for a limited time only . . . the Oster Professional is yours to enjoy for only $19.98 – a healthy $3.00 saving!

JAY NORRIS CORP.

25 W. Merrick Rd., Dept. WW-59, Freeport, N.Y. 11520

Serving Satisfied Customers for over 25 Years

30-DAY FREE TRIAL!

Treat your face to the Oster Professional Shaver for 30 days – 30 days of the smoothest, fastest, closest, most irritation-free shaving you've ever enjoyed . . . either blade or electric! Then, if not completely satisfied, return for a full refund.

SAVE $3.00 BY ORDERING DURING THIS LIMITED SALE!

JAY NORRIS CORP., 25 W. Merrick Rd., Dept. WW-59, Freeport, N.Y. 11520

Show me! I'd like to treat my face to the Oster Professional Electric Shaver's barber-close shaves! If it doesn't deliver smoother, faster, closer, more irritation-free shaves than I've ever enjoyed, I understand that I can return my shaver in 30 days for full refund or cancellation of charges. ($19.98, plus $1.00 postage and handling—total: $20.98.) N.Y. residents add sales tax.

Enclosed is ☐ check ☐ money order

Name .....
(Please Print)

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Senator Kennedy's Proposal

On The Right

New York, Sept. 25—Senator Kennedy has given a speech on the floor in which he declares himself on what should be done in the event that Mr. Nixon should refuse to turn over the tapes even if ordered to do so by the Supreme Court. At that point, said Mr. Kennedy, there's only one thing to do: Impeach him. The Senate Chamber, according to reports, was very nearly empty while Senator Kennedy delivered his speech, though at the far corner of the room someone spotted Senators Goldwater and Tower. Goldwater did not proffer his opinion of it, but Senator Tower said, "So far, the refusal to obey a court order has never been grounds for impeachment. There is no precedent."

That of course is correct, but so is it correct that the only historical precedent for impeachment of a President was in the case of Andrew Johnson, and not only did Congress fail at conviction, many years later the Supreme Court spoke flatly on the issue in question and declared retroactively that Johnson had been absolutely right. So that we are left without any precedent at all for the impeachment of a President.

Senator Kennedy's point is that no man is above the law—that, he says, is the fulfillment of the American idea. And since the Supreme Court is the final arbiter of what is the law and what is not the law, then a President who defies the Court should be impeached and removed.

Friends of executive sovereignty, in the event of impasse, argue that the federal system simply does not provide a means of arbitrating frontier collisions. They argue that the Supreme Court, in the event it calls on the President to publicize the tapes, is exerting its full authority. But that since its full authority does not exceed the President's full authority over the management of his own department, and the custody of the tapes is really the responsibility of his own household, then the Court goes beyond its proper field of responsibility and the President is entitled simply to thumb his nose at it.

What is interesting about Senator Kennedy's position is that in effect he is suggesting a political solution to the impasse, and it's to be understood as being that, rather than as a sequential ritual following upon the Supreme Court's decision. What Mr. Kennedy is saying is that when the Court and the Executive are at loggerheads, the third chamber of government needs to act, and the only way it can act is to impeach, and to proceed then to hear out the arguments.

Presumably, if the Senate, sitting in judgment of President Nixon's refusal to hand over the tapes, declined to convict him, then that would become the supreme law of the land in respect to executive privacy. I.e., at no future point could a President's personal papers be subpoenaed notwithstanding that they contained evidence putatively critical in establishing his guilt or innocence. The Senate, in a curious sort of way, would become the ultimate judicial body—not so much interpreting the Constitution as adding to it the critical insight of the day.

THERE IS a lot of mumbo jumbo that surrounds the Supreme Court. There is, after all, no reason at all to suppose that the lawyers who are arguing on Mr. Nixon's side know anything less about the intricacies of the Constitution than the lawyers arguing the other side, the side of Mr. Cox and Mr. Ervin. Indeed, the chief representative of Mr. Nixon is a professor of constitutional law, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the position he takes, just because he is taking it as the advocate for so august a client. Nor is there any reason to jump to the conclusion that the sitting members of the Court know more about the Constitution and its implications than the two lawyers whose arguments it is listening to.

For that reason one can say that the real point is moot—an historical, constitutional point. When these things happen there are only—political solutions, such a solution as would result in the Senate of the United States having to decide whether to remove from office a man who declines such an order as this from the Supreme Court.

It would seem, of course, there are other solutions. Mr. Nixon might decline one day and a few weeks later, well into the impeachment proceedings, he might change his mind—disposing of the tactical, if not the strategic, issue. In a word, Senator Kennedy, whatever his motives, suggested the only means of breaking the impasse widely projected. □

NIXON V. AGNEW

New York, Sept. 28—There was a wonderful article published a couple of years ago in *Esquire* by Garry Wills describing the events that, 21 years ago, preceded the Checkers Speech. In it Mr. Wills traced (he has, alas, like Andrew Kopkind, lost the art since his total ideologization) the extraordinary political skills of the young candidate for the Vice Presidency, Richard Nixon, who transformed a slur on his record into a triumphant public vindication and, in the course of his experience, fired a shot over the bow of presidential candidate Dwight Eisenhower which that practiced soldier did not misinterpret. When Eisenhower welcomed Nixon back onto the ticket as a candidate in good standing, it was both because Eisenhower desired to do so and because he was afraid not to do so.

It was then that the vindicated Mr. Nixon began his celebrated Clean as a Hound's Tooth Club, and his friends and associates for many years carried about membership cards in their wallets. The resentment over Eisenhower's fitful backing never entirely dissipated, and one wonders whether Mr. Agnew, in his current plight, ponders Mr. Nixon's bitterness of yesteryear and sympathizes with it.

Let's face it, guilt in the political world is not, really, the same thing as judicial guilt. Thomas Eagleton was not legally guilty of anything, but he was kicked off Senator McGovern's ticket for the "guilt" of not having divulged his record of nervous troubles to McGovern's managers. Sherman Adams was not guilty of anything much more serious than double parking, but as

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caught in the time-frame of the day, he was guilty, and accordingly he was dismissed.

Mr. Nixon's almost truculent defense of John Ehrlichman and Bob Haldeman is in sharp contrast with the formalistic defense of Mr. Agnew, and accordingly everyone rushes to the conclusion that Mr. Agnew is at least politically guilty. The rumors that Mr. Agnew will resign are unlikely to have originated other than from sources very close to Mr. Nixon. Let's face it, if Mr. Agnew should indeed proceed to resign, Mr. Nixon could hardly be sorry. For one thing there would be a purgative feel around the White House from which he himself would benefit. For another, the most conspicuous conservative hardliner in the United States would be neatly removed, without offending the conservative constituency that insisted on his renomination in 1972. For still another, Mr. Nixon could move in someone appealing to many of his critics, thus strengthening his own embattled position.

BUT IT IS at this point that one needs to reflect on the strengths of Mr. Agnew, and they are a) institutional and b) personal. As regards the latter, Mr. Agnew is a man of some backbone and has at least the normal man's indisposition to be pushed around. As regards the former, the Vice President cannot be forced to resign by a show of displeasure from the President. One hopes their personal relationship will not so deteriorate, but one could easily conceive of a situation in which the Vice President informed the President through the press that peccadillos allegedly committed while governor of Maryland are surely less disqualifying than those allegedly committed while President of the United States.

If Mr. Agnew is indicted, it should be recalled that every time a jury brings in a verdict of not guilty, there was an indictment that preceded it. The House might then proceed to vote impeachment, and the Senate to suspend action on the House's motion, pending the trial. If the jury then found Mr. Agnew guilty, the Senate might vote accordingly. If it found him not guilty, the Senate would presumably confirm the verdict, and Mr. Agnew, never having resigned the Vice Presidency, could reoccupy the position with that distinctive strength that comes from having survived adversity. The contrast would be damaging to President Nixon, as Garry Wills would have noticed, in days gone by. □

OVERWEIGHT?

New York, Sept. 30—Pursuant to my resolution occasionally to write about airline travel, hoping to make it ever safer, and more agreeable, I contribute a recent experience and a few observations.

It was Rome, a week or two ago, and I was checking into a TWA flight to New York, with five bags. The passenger agent verified my ticket, told me the flight would be two hours late, looked down at the scale and said I had some overweight. Then, speaking in Italian sotto voce, he whispered to the supervisor, whose grunt instantly communicated to me that TWA's decision was to get full ransom for my excess baggage. "You will have to pay us for overweight," the agent said. "How much do you pay me for being two hours late?" I asked playfully, handing over my credit card.

A moment later he gave me the voucher to sign and I saw that it was proposed to charge me $220. Two hundred and twenty dollars! I told him never mind, just cancel my reservation. I got a porter, collected my baggage, and walked across to Pan American. There the lady whispered to me as she wrote out the boarding pass that they would need to charge me because TWA's supervisor had shot down the word that I was overweight, and a sense of corporate solidarity required PAA to be as unforgiving as TWA. I whispered back that I understood her plight completely, that for the moment I cared not about paying the overweight, that my cup was spilling over with satisfaction at having denied the predator over at TWA not merely the $220 for the baggage, but the $500 for the canceled airplane seat. I was rather sorry to do this to TWA because they are lovely people, except for that avaricious creature in Rome.

But I began to muse on the question, and have done a little arithmetic on the great overweight swindle, and I invite Ralph Nader, the Legion of Decency, and the World Council of Churches to look at the figures.

The overweight charge, Rome-New York, is $2.50 per pound. Now the airline will fly you Rome-New York on the off season for as little as $155 each way. Let us say you weigh 155 pounds. They are therefore charging you $1 per pound to fly you to Rome, but they are charging your luggage $2.50 per pound. Since they give you two meals, wine, a movie, (some) leg room, lavatories, and even a little lounge, the question is raised, in a rational society, why do the airlines charge more for luggage than for passengers? In such a situation, you are better off getting a piece of luggage made in the shape of a comely human being, buying an extra ticket, and strapping your luggage into the seat next to you, and consuming all of its free champagne.

Now those who believe that the tax is by design punitive rather than revenue-raising, are quite simply wrong. The modern jet airplanes, unlike the little planes of yesteryear, have tremendous holds which are seldom filled by passenger baggage. There was a day, again in another aeronautical age, when the cost of fuel per pound carried was an important economic item—no longer. The cost of kerosene, compared to the cost of high octane gasoline, is minimal, and the extra cost of fuel in a Jumbo as a result of passenger overweight is simply exiguous.

NO ONE should resent paying overweight. It is the paying of overweight at the current preposterous scale that boils the blood of free men, and I for one pledge not to patronize any airline that is literal-minded about overweight. They will tell you that they have no alternative, the rates are pressed on them by IATA or the CAB, or whomever. But where is the airline lobby pressing for reform? The full-page ad by TWA deploring the overweight tariff? Perhaps they are all content to suppose that the seigneural instincts of their agents will cause them to overlook overweight. But this they cannot count on, not even that their agents are above tippy-toeing over to Pan American to report the haughty American loose in the building with forty kilos of overweight. There are a lot of airline associations around that are mostly useless. One of them ought to pass around a rating geared to those lines that are sensible about overweight and those that are not. The word would spread very quickly. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The tempter in Goethe's *Faust*
15 33 119 126 142 216 155 164 174 54
75 87 91 141

B. Plant which makes a delicious brew possible
83 42 105 133 146 158 160 165 169 175

C. The third section of a sonata form
132 14 102 110 122 188 201 23 29 39
58 116 156 198

D. A form of light Italian comedy with musical numbers and dialogue in recitative
138 157 162 183 197 73 86 195 1 27

E. Sixteenth note
150 84 170 41 94 134 113 99 108 205

F. Piano music by Felix Mendelssohn (fol. *The*)
167 22 38 186 212 203 8 18 70 81
36 69 130 172 48 67 173

G. A composition or movement of gentle, tender character
176 179 19 96 117 125 57 64 72 100

H. Temperate or frigid
185 52 97 40 65 121 209 60 136

I. A queen of Carthage
7 10 61 16

J. What a henpecked husband might have
193 35 50 78 128 149 159 161 180 3
90 181

K. A men's fraternal organization
211 92 166 37

L. A city near Chicago
46 153 74 44 182 129 114

M. A summer resort in Colorado
55 30 77 194 151 208 204 148 177

N. A Stout fellow
76 168 82 207 63 56 34 187 200

O. Part of part of a man's attire
11 13 31 210 51 53 71 2 28

P. Disregard
101 43 88 98 106 127 143 152 196 202
111

Q. One of many new nations (1966)
32 154 215 147 5 140 184 59

R. A town in Pierce County, Wisconsin
62 45 21 163 214 104 206

S. He carried as many states as McGovern but finished third
66 9 85 93 109 123 131 144 171 191

T. Baseball pitches
68 89 213 145 25 47 190 24

U. Short-handed
95 6 112 120 139 189 12 20 26 80
103 115

V. Caused suffering from the strain of warfare
118 107 124 135 4 17 137 178 199 49
79 192

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1136 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 D	2 O	3 J	4 V	5 Q	6 U	7 I	8 F	9 S		10 I	11 O		12 U	13 O	14 C		15 A
16 I	17 V	18 F		19 G	20 U	21 R	22 F	23 C	24 T		25 T	26 U		27 D	28 O	29 C		30 M
31 O	32 Q	33 A	34 N	35 J	36 F	37 K		38 F	39 C	40 H	41 E	42 B	43 P	44 L	45 R		46 L	47 T
48 F	49 V	50 J		51 O	52 H		53 O	54 A	55 M		56 N	57 G	58 C	59 Q	60 H	61 I	62 R	
63 N	64 G	65 H	66 S	67 F		68 T	69 F		70 F	71 O	72 G		73 D	74 L	75 A	76 N		77 M
78 J	79 V		80 U	81 F	82 N	83 B	84 E	85 S	86 D	87 A		88 P	89 T	90 J		91 A	92 K	93 S
94 E	95 U	96 G	97 H	98 P		99 E	100G	101P	102C	103U		104R	105B		106P	107V	108E	
109S	110C	111P	112U		113E	114L	115U		116C	117G	118V		119A	120U	121H	122C	123S	124V
	125G	126A	127P		128J	129L	130F	131S	132C	133B	134E	135V		136H	137V	138D	139U	140Q
141A		142A	143P		144S	145T	146B		147Q	148M	149J	150E	151M		152P	153L	154Q	155A
	156C	157D	158B	159J		160B	161J	162D		163R	164A	165B	166K		167F	168N	169B	170E
	171S	172F		173F	174A	175B	176G	177M		178V	179G		180J		181J	182L	183D	184Q
185H	186F	187N	188C	189U	190T	191S	192V		193J	194M	195D	196P	197D	198C	199V	200N		201C
202P	203F	204M	205E	206R		207N	208M	209H	2100	211K	212F	213T	214R	215Q	216A			

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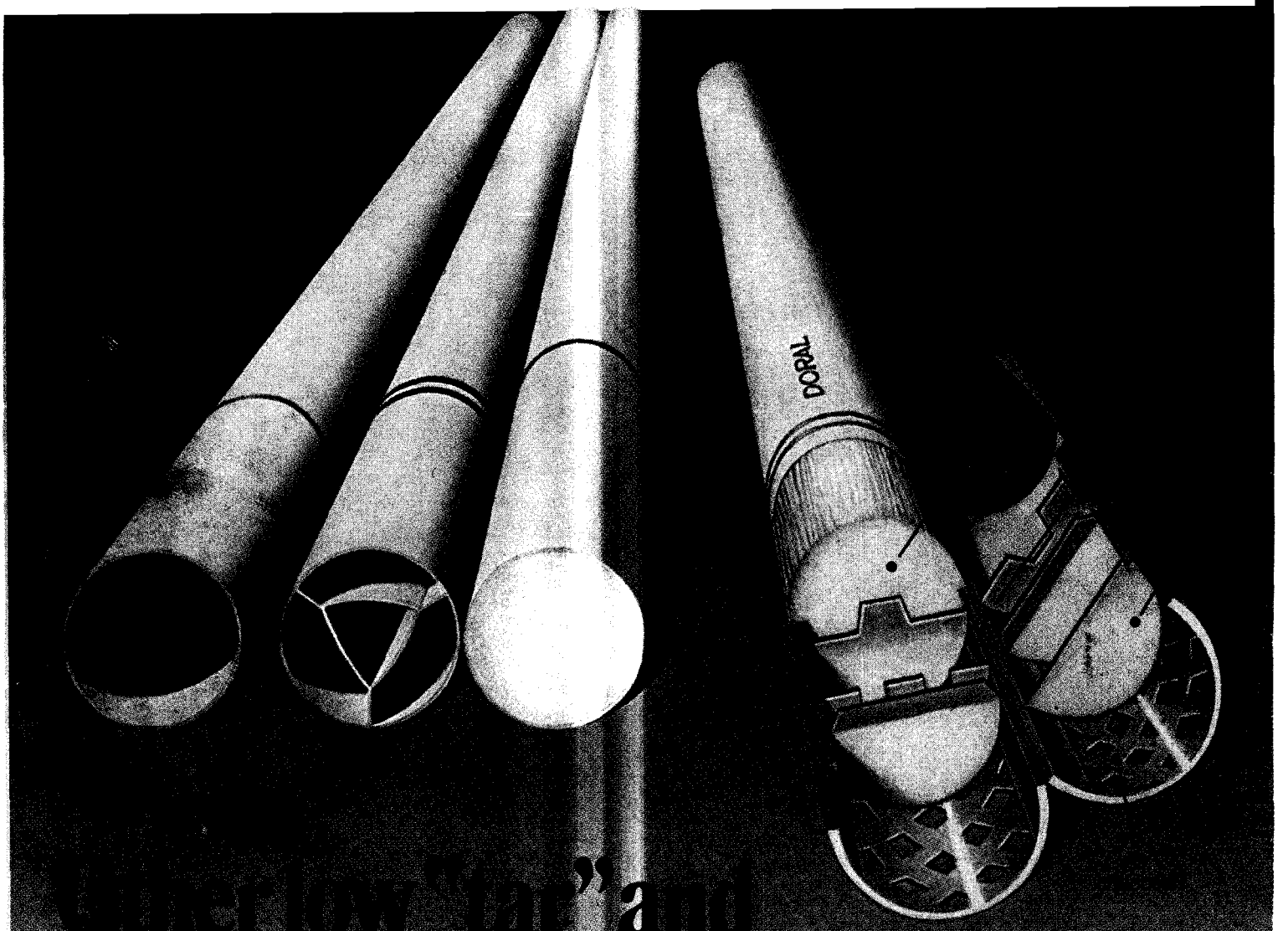


Super low "tar" and nicotine cigarettes don't have "it."

What's "it"?

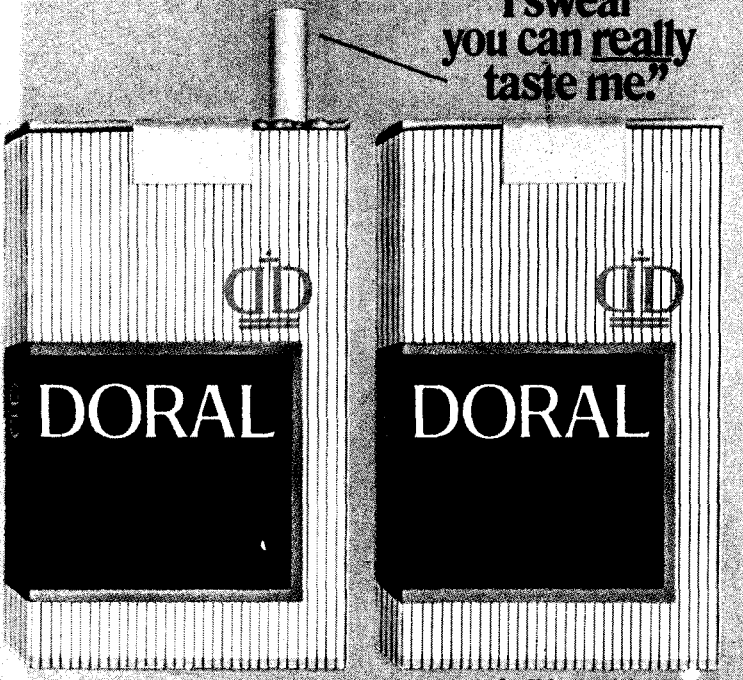
"It" is a unique recessed filter system: Cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine, and a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels.

"It" is a rousing good taste that low "tar" and nicotine smokers swear by.

"It", in short, is what you've been looking for —and not finding—in other low "tar" and nicotine cigarettes.

'Cause if you haven't got Doral—you haven't got "it".

"I swear you can really taste me."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

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